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MAKING A COUNTER CULTURE

THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE By Theodore Roszak, Doubleday, $7.95, Paperback edition, Anchor, $1.95.

LAWRENCE LIPTON

One might as well go directly to Roszak's sources rather than get the story in expounded, and capsulized forms in THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE. The chances are you've got his sources on your shelves already, and those you haven't got you can pick up in paperback from any Freep bookstore.

If you get the impression that THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE is a book-made book, you are right. But if you conclude from this that it is without value as a CRITICAL STUDY of the source books on which it is based, you are wrong.

It is the most intelligently constructed collage of other people's ideas about the movement, the scene, the culture-revolution, that has appeared in print to date. But the ideas and opinions collated in this book are not the ideas and opinions of the people who are MAKING the cultural revolution. They are the ideas and opinions of other authors, mostly academicians, who have made a professional specialty of observing and analyzing the people who are making the cultural revolution. So that at no time do you have the feeling of communicating directly with the people, mostly young people, who are personally exploring the inner and outer worlds of the new lifeways of the revolution. No direct contact of any kind, except through the minds of Mr. Roszak and his selected "authorities." In short, this book is a conducted tour with a group of experts headed by and interpreted by Theodore Roszak. And, as such, the best of its kind so far.

The tip-off is right there in the jacket copy. "Most of what is presently happening that is new, provocative and engaging in politics, eduation, the arts, social relations (love, courtship, family, community) is the creation either of youth, who are profoundly, even fanatically, alienated from the parental generation, or those who address themselves primarily to the young."

As it turns out, the evidence for "the making of a culture" is, in this book, supported by the evidence of "those who address themselves primarily to the young," meaning Herbert Marcuse, Norman Brown, Allen Watts, Paul Goodman, the poets of the avant-gardes of the '20's and '30's, and, for a contemporary literary source, Allen Ginsberg. Marshall McLuhan, of course, Martin Buber where useful (usually out of context) Timothy Leary, (as a whipping boy to help Roszak put down the whole psychedelic scene)—which is all very well if you're making a case for the counter culture and against the scientific/industrial/military Technocracy—But—

But it is nothing less than a tour de force of intellectual achievement for the author of a book called THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE to use only a few direct quotations from the youth who are the "creators" of that counter culture!

Why? Roszak's reason is that the young people who are making the counter culture are not articulate enough to speak for themselves!

Here is the way Roszak puts it:

> Much of what is most valuable in the counter culture does not find its way into literate expression —a fact well worth bearing in mind if one wants to achieve any decent understanding especially of what the more hip-bohemian young are up to. One is apt to find out more about their ways by paying attention to posters, buttons, fashions of dress and dance—and especially to the pop music, which now knits together the whole thirteen to thirty age group. Timothy Leary is probably correct in identifying the pop and rock groups as the real "prophets" of the rising generation. Unfortunately, I find this music difficult to take, though I recognize young dissent not only in the lyrics of the songs but in the whole raucous style of their sound and performance. While one cannot avoid being impressed with the innovation and dazzling sophistication of the best pop music, I fear I tend to find much of it too brutally loud and/or too electronically gimmicked up. I am not particularly in favor of turning musicianship and the human voice into the raw material of acoustical engineering. I also feel that the pop music scene lends itself to a great deal of commercial sensationalizing: the heated search for startling new tricks and shocks.

However—this is followed by a however:

> In the way of reading matter, the most timely sources are the innumerable and often ephemeral underground newspapers. (Is anyone anywhere collecting a decent file of this material?) It is a measure of how contagious the counter culture is that even medium-sized towns (Spokane, Northampton, Massachusetts, Dallas...) are now producing these journals of militant irreverence. The major papers include The Berkeley Barb, The East Village Other, the San Francisco and Southern California Oracles, the Los Angeles and New York Free Presses, and, in London, The International Times, Peace News, and Oz.

Roszak goes further along that line. He sees these young culture makers (by his own admission) as anti-culture, even anti-intellectual:

> ...What is it to assert the primacy of the non-intellective powers but to call into question all that our culture values as "reason" and "reality?" To deny that the true self is this small, hard atom of intense objectivity we pilot about each day as we build bridges and careers is surely to play fast and loose with psychopathology. It is to attack men at the very core of their security by denying the validity of everything they mean when they utter the most precious word in their vocabulary: the word "I." And yet this is what the counter culture undertakes when, by way of its mystical tendencies or the drug experience, it assaults the reality of the ego as an isolable, purely cerebral unit of identity. In doing so, it once again transcends the consciousness of the dominant culture and runs the risk of appearing to be a brazen exercise in perverse nonsense.

However—Roszak is full of such but and howevers—he has second thoughts on this subject too:

> Yet what else but such a brave (and hopefully humane) perversity can pose a radical challenge to the technocracy? If the melacholy history of revolution over the past half-century teaches us anything, it is the futility of a politics which concentrates itself single-mindedly on the overthrowing of governments, or ruling classes, or economic systems. This brand of politics finishes with merely redesigning the turrets and towers of the technocratic citadel. It is the foundations of the edifice that must be sought. And those foundations lie among the ruins of the visionary imagination and the sense of human community. Indeed, this is what Shelley recognized even in the earliest days of the Industrial Revolution, when he proclaimed that in the defense of poetry we must invoke "light and fire from those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not ever soar." (Shelley's magnificent essay "The Defense of Poetry" could still stand muster as a counter cultural manifesto. If only our technicians, our scientists, our experts of all description could be brought face to face with such statements! Surely that would do the trick.)

When one first casts an eye over the varieties of youthful dissent, it may seem that there is considerably less coherence to this counter culture than I have suggested. To one side, there is the mind-blown bohemianism of the beats and hippies: to the other, the hard-headed political activism of the student New Left. Are these not in reality two separate and antithetical developments: the one (tracing back to Ginsberg, Kerouac, & Co.) seeking to "cop out" of American society, the other (tracing back to C. Wright Mills and remnants of the old socialist left) seeking to penetrate and revolutionize our political life?

With such an on-and-off, yes and then again no attitude toward beat-hip "mind-blown bohemianism," is it any wonder that he prefers to take his picture of the counter culture NOT from interviews, arts, case histories and wordcraft of the young culture makers—which provide us with what is probably the most voluminous and accessible in the whole history of revolutions! and goes instead to "those WHO ADDRESS THEMSELVES PRIMARILY TO THE YOUNG." To non-participative authorities like R.D. Laing, Noam Chomsky, Norman Mailer,

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POETRY BY KILIAN ANDERSON

mayflower v
'fore and aft

i parkt my bote
to call collect
from the closest
teleport

i knew my crew
made up of worms
had been hauled
before the courts

and though i pleaded
with the king the queen
she did not dig
so confined
my friends remain
in their hermaphroditic brig

me they free
i set the sail
cast off my host
and never turn to see the wake
slit up against the coast

the big j

let texas bow down to her gods —
rosemarie cried as she lay
a single cool breath on me
easing the burning day
outside the gate the sun fell down
behind the lazy j

let texas do it herself —
she went on
let texas go it alone
while texas sucks up to its god
we will sleep with our own —
i turned to look out the window
but the lazy j
was gone

straight line or 50 -50

o suspended gestures
naked of intent
crush me into sleep again
where all my dreams are bent

mother
pops up
at the head of the stares
(fathers been dead for ages
no body really cares)

there
down in the waters
between the ripples and the slicks
narcissus and pythagoras
stake out the split 6

none of it are left
all of them is gone
morning might hook up my balls
and carry me along

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WRITERS BEWARE:

HISTORY IS AN EGO TRIP

THIS IS MOSCOW SPEAKING AND OTHER STORIES Yuli Daniel (Nikolai Arzhak) E.P. Dutton, 1969, $4.95.

STOMPING THE GOYIM Michael Disend, Croton Press, 1969, $5.

ED RICHER

What is happening, simply speaking, is that whatever resources there are for creativity and authentic problem-solving are finding it impossible to make sensible contact with the top. Power is isolated from intelligence. (Power must pay for whatever "intelligence" it can get.) Until the fall of what has risen, Nixon is emperor, and the bureaucratized meatballs who run the corporation known to print-freaks as the USSR might for all we know be a duller lot than our own elite. Misplaced conscience—i.e., both official liberalism and its official opposition, the Marxist-Leninist vanguard wherever they pop up—is preoccupied with the fate of decerebrated bullies, those assholes who insist on managing institutional power despite their lack of contact with the masses of folks who have to pay the bills for the history—making excesses of those assholes who insist on... What's worse, misplaced conscience (as revolution) is trying to capture the history-making machine as if they were saintly surgeons doing a Caesarian on the Virgin Mary, gentle revolutionaries wanting to do a minimum of damage to the bloody machine itself. But real humanists, people with properly placed conscience, don't give a shit about our empire, don't read the L.A. Times, and don't play Capricorn Moon to Nixon's Sun—rather, they make themselves party to the fate of the creative and perceptive and brilliant spirits whose energies are dedicated to a new civilization and dedicated thusly without hope of official power or public acclaim in their lifetime. (Its decent people who make NEW civilizations.) Real humanists, people with finely tuned conscience, are trying to damage the history-making machine, to dismantle it down to a decent size, scaled so that it can never again make totalitarian warfare against the folk and the institutions native to them. What is happening is a war between Modernity, a civilization several millenia old, and an as-yet unacknowledged civilization, age undetermined (but of course its already here): on one side are the history-freaks, and on the other, the person-freaks or community-heads, and everything else in between is mass media bullshit for the jellyheads who think knowledge doesn't entail penalties.

These two books are bullshit of a literary quality somewhere above newspapering, and therefore tragic bullshit, because they are examples of creative conscience misplaced—energies at the bottom, isolated from power, but freaking out because they cannot create decently without sovereignty in their lifetimes. They are emotional compromises with the old order, two kinds of insanity to be guarded against by whom-some-ever it is architecting the palace that shimmers and sings below the threshold of the straight historian's eye and ears.

Of course they are passable books; most books are. But from the point of view that is beneath the threshold of the straight journalist or historian (or the baron to whom they are both lackey), these books are a waste of time.

Horribly, Daniel went to prison for his four stories. In 1966, he was sentenced to hard labor in Siberia, along with a more noted Russian author, Andrey Sinyavsky; both men had smuggled their writing out of Russia to be published abroad, in Daniel's case to be published for the first time under the pseudonym of Nikolai Arzhak. (Decent creativity nowadays cultivates anonym, not pseudonym; exceptions are possible, of course, but they will always speak for themselves.) Sinyavsky is the better known, and therefore probably the greater waste of time. Why should post-mortems have mass audiences, and the evolving foetus be hidden from public view? Sentimentality as a response to Daniel's imprisonment is neither literary criticism nor smart politics, and is, in any case, another instance of misplaced conscience.

Michael Disend is altogether unknown, except that he is Jewish, a style of being in the world he shares with Daniel and Sinyavsky, as if all the other factors weren't enough. But being Jewish is important, if for no other reason than that they are so cooperative at letting others define them as victims: they are reared prepackaged for victimage, and their sacrifice appears neither to diminish their numbers nor their willingness to be victims again. They are, by ethnicity, professionals, Modernity's most adroit victimage-pool; actually (what else can I say?) they dare us to victimize them!

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Magic as the politics of survival

(Continued from Page 34)

Staughton Lynd, Herbert Marcuse, Paul Goodman, Bertrand Russell, even going back to Karl Marx and Peter Kropotkin.

It would be an understatement to say that Roszak grossly underestimates the self-education and the analytical self-exploratory powers possessed by the hip people of the disaffiliated enclaves who are the REAL makers of the counter culture.

In my own participative writings about the counter culture, FROM THE INSIDE, I have been impressed by the high intelligence and the wide range of knowledge among the young—from Flower Power to Fire Power—superior, in fact, to anything Herbert Marcuse, Allen Watts, Norman Brown, Paul Goodman or even Tim Leary and Allen Ginsberg have said ABOUT them—much as I respect them all for the light they have shed on the scene, the movement, the revolution. There is no substitute for direct, participative experience, whether it's sexual liberation, civil disobedience, confrontation, both non-violent and self-defensive, communal living, marijuana, acid trips, or whatever. No observation at a distance, no logic, no analysis, no fund of historical knowledge however extensive, no "sympathy" or "understanding" —none of these, desirable as they are and worthy of respect, can take the place of a personal experience of the ecstasies, the illuminations, the bum trips, the heartbreaks, the life-and-death hazards experienced by the people of the counter culture.

The central theme of the book is the magical view of the world that has been the world view of man for millenia and the chief reason for man's survival, as against the scientific-technological world view which prevails today in the White Western world, and is threatening to destroy not only man but the whole planet.

A big enough theme and one with a rapidly growing following, the culture against which the counter culture is being prepared as a substitute and our last best hope of survival. To this central theme of his Roszak has done full justice.

In addition to and in support of his thesis he draws on older cultures, ecologically Nature-oriented cultures. To the shamans of such cultures, Nature was never "it;" it was always "you" or the respectful "thou." Here, for example is a Wintu (California) Indian describing the contrasting relationship of her shamanistic culture and that of the white man to a common environment.

> The white people never cared for land or deer or bear. When we Indians kill meat, we eat it all up. When we dig roots, we make little holes... We shake down acorns and pine-nuts. We don't chop down the trees. We only use dead wood. But the white people plow up the ground, pull up the trees, kill everything. The tree says, "Don't. I am sore. Don't hurt me." But they chop it down and cut it up. The spirit of the land hates them... The Indians never hurt anything, but the white people destroy all. They blast rocks and scatter them on the ground. The rock says "Don't! You are hurting me." But the white people pay no attention. When the Indians use rocks, they take little round ones for their cooking... How can the spirit of the earth like the white man?... Everywhere the white man has touched it, it is sore.

On which Roszak comments with brilliant insight.

> "The tree says...," "the rock says...": nothing could more easily express the difference between the scientific and the magical visions of nature. The Indian woman has been taught to hear voices of plant and stone; we have been taught to "pay no attention." The essence of magic lies in just this sense that man and not-man can stand on communicable terms with one another. The relationship is not that of In-Here impassively observing Out-There, but of man carrying on a personal transaction with forces in his environment which are known to be turbulently, perhaps menacingly alive. The shaman enters into the field of these forces warmly, sensuously; and because he approaches with respect, they welcome him and permit him to strive and bargain with them.
>
> It is not a relationship the presences accept with all comers. Unlike the scientific experiment, which is depersonalized and so should work for anyone who performs it, the magical relationship is available only to those chosen by the presences themselves. The shaman is ordinarily one who discovers his vocation upon being seized up by powers beyond his comprehension. He does not initially train for the position as for a prefabricated office; this is a development that ensues when the shaman's calling becomes routinized into the formal role of the priest. Rather, like the prophets of Israel to whom so much of the primitive tradition clings, the shaman is ambushed by the divine and called forth by surprise. The prophet Amos—protesting significantly in this case to the official temple priest —explains:
>
> > I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was an herdsman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit; And the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said unto me, Go, prophesy unto my people Israel. (Amos 7:14-15)
>
> And prophesy he did, with an eloquence that defies explanation in one from so humble an origin.

As between the politics of the New Left and the parapolitics of ecstasy there is no doubt where Roszak's preferences lie.

> It is, at worst, the exaggeration of a virtue to insist that neither theory nor rhetoric must submerge the living reality of our actions as they affect others and ourselves, to insist that the final appeal must be to the person, never to the doctrine.
>
> But then the question arises: what IS the person? What, most essentially, IS this elusive, often erratic human SOMETHING which underlies social systems and ideologies, and which now must serve as the ultimate point of moral reference? No sooner does one raise the question than the politics of the social system yields to what Timothy Leary has called "the politics of the nervous system." Class consciousness gives way as a generative principle to... CONSCIOUSNESS consciousness. And it is at this juncture that New Left and beat-hip bohemianism join hands. For even in its most hostile caricatures, the bohemian fringe of our youth culture makes its distinctive character apparent. It is grounded in an intensive examination of the self, of the buried wealth of personal consciousness. The stereotypic beatnik or hippy, dropped-out and self-absorbed, sunk in a narcotic stupor or lost in ecstatic contemplation... what lies behind these popular images, but the reality of a sometimes zany, sometimes hopelessly inadequate search for the truth of the person?

SAN DIEGO Door

Roszak is perfectly aware of the fact that the counter culture young are better authorities on the subject than the distinguished authorities he cites. He quotes psychiatrist R.D. Laing as saying that "We do not need theories so much as the experience that is the source of the theory." But he detects a note of anti-intellectualism in the idea.

> Such a distinction between theory and experience, challenging as it does the validity of mere analytical clarity as a basis for knowledge or conviction, cannot help but carry an anti-intellectual tone. The tone becomes even more pronounced when Laing goes on to define the goal of "true sanity" as being
>
> > "in one way or another, the dissolution of the normal ego, that false self competently adjusted to our alienated social social reality: the emergence of the "inner" archetypal mediators of divine power, and through this death a rebirth, and the eventual re-establishment of a new kind of ego-functioning, the ego now being the servant of the divine, no longer its betrayer."
>
> When psychiatry begins to speak this language, it moves well beyond the boundaries of conventional scientific respectability. But if the dissenting young give their attention to figures like Laing (he is one of the leading mentors of Britain's burgeoning counter culture), it is surely because they have seen too many men of indisputable intelligence and enlightened intention become the apologists of a dehumanized social order.

But is it not the dehumanized technological society that is destroying man's age-old symbiotic relationship with his environment? The best chapters in the book are those in which the authority makes his case for a restoration of the balance between the "In-Here" and the "Out-There," between a proper use of science and a proper use of magic. He formulates this position in a key paragraph:

> Our appraisal of any course of personal or social action would not be determined simply by the degree to which the proposal before us squares with objectively demonstrable knowledge, but by the degree to which it enlarges our capacity to experience: to know ourselves and others more deeply, to feel more fully the awesomeness of our environment. This, in turn, means that we must be prepared to trust that the expanded personality becomes more beautiful, more creative, more humane than the search for objective correctness can make it. To take this attitude is, I think, far from eccentric. Is it not the attitude we feel spontaneously compelled to assume whenever we find ourselves in the presence of an authentically great soul? I, who do not share any of Tolstoy's religion or that of the prophets of Israel, and who do not believe that a single jot of Dante's or Blake's world view is "true" in any scientific sense, nevertheless realize that any carping I might do about the correctness of their

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DR. FIRESIGN'S TRAVELLING ANTIQUE CIRCUS

JOHN CARPENTER

Three years ago Peter Bergman was doing the first of the many manifestations of Radio Free Oz on KPFK. Phil Proctor was in town working for the East Village Other and appearing in a play. David Ossmon was an executive with the ABC network, hanging about KPFK doing a documentary on the American Indian. And Phil Austin was director of literature and drama for the station. Bergman's program was, at the time, one of the most popular on the air, almost a religious cult to many listeners who would phone in to have their Tarot read by Peter the Wizard, or hear the collages he prepared.

Starting with the Oz Film Festival, where the nun and other dirty pictures were shown on radio for the first time, the four got together frequently to do satire and perform radio skits. After a few months the show moved from KPFK where it had been on five nights a week over to KRLA where it was on every Sunday night for almost a year.

The group was signed by Columbia Records to do an album, "Waiting for the Electrician or someone like him," and started appearing weekly at the Magic Mushroom doing live radio dramas from the club's stage that were also broadcast over KRLA. One night Bergman read a commercial over the air, "Put your hands up the skirt of a Toyota Corona and really turn on," and after a short period off the air, turned up on KMET Sunday mornings solo, doing a DJ and talk show.

The show, "Son of Radio Free Oz," was cancelled after Bergman played the Fugs' "Johnny Pissoff Meets the Red Angel."

The following interview was taped in the Board room of Columbia Records.

CARPENTER: How did the Firesign Theatre start?

BERGMAN: Proctor and I had a blind date when I was at Yale and...

PROCTOR: No, we had a good feeling between us, so to speak. Then, we started doing this radio program which I call Bregman.

BERGMAN: It's Bergman.

PROCTOR: Birdman, that's right. He was known at the time as the birdman of KPFK because they kept him in this little office, a closet, it was—with bars though. The show was called Radio Free OOze. Later it was changed to the Electric Brew, due to the influence of our first record. My first lover, Phil, was working as a program manager at KPFK, and my second lover, Davey or Davey Beck to his friends—

BERGMAN: Like Olga?

PROCTOR: —was working as an announcer and best boy at the station, so the four of us, counting Peter, did a put-on, a hoax. The first hoax was the Oz Film Festival. We showed a dirty movie on the radio, yes, which got us into a lot of trouble. After that, we did a lot of skits on the radio all of which were a lot of bunk. I was writing articles and doing collages for the East Village Other at the time, and I knew Peter from Yale.

I was with Peter Fonda and Brandon De Wilde and we were at the Sunset Strip riot doing research for a movie about the Youth Revolution called "Easy Rider"... It has changed a great deal since then... Well, at the Sunset Strip riot, I sat on a picture of Bergren when the police pushed us into this Happy Pup, a homosexual restaurant. I looked at him and he said, "KPFK newsman," and I said, "Gee, I know him. Maybe he can get me a place to sleep." I spent the next three weeks in the KPFK studio curled up under a big table while Peter was rapping on the radio.

OSSMAN: I was an ABC executive then. I was down at KPFK trying to convince Peter Indians would be interesting. I knocked on the closet door and this muffled voice came out from inside. "Peter! What about doing something on the Indians?"

"On what? What about Indians? What Indians?"

PROCTOR: I went on tour in a play with Robert Cummings. We played nine months (or was it six weeks?) in Florida. Then I went to New York and spent some time with Diane Do who was making electric dresses at the time.

BERGMAN: Were you fucking her?

PROCTOR: I was back in New York at the end of a rope, and I get this call from Bergman. "The Firesign Theatre is making a record." "The who?" "The Firesign Theatre. I though it would be a good name for our group." "What group?". "The guys we did the skits with on radio; its all set. Columbia Records is picking up your ticket."

After that, I packed up my apartment and walked across country speaking only Russian 'cause I wanted to do what my great great grandfather had done.

CARPENTER: What was that?

PROCTOR: He was tried as a Communist before it was in vogue.

BERGMAN: Yes. That was in Vogue just last week.

PROCTOR: I walked into Peter's house and he said, "Speak English. You can sleep in the attic with the dogs and cats. We start recording next week." I said fine, and moved in three weeks later.

We were in the studio a lot.

CARPENTER: You had all worked in radio individually?

AUSTIN: In high school I did a thing called the Tension Convention by the Four Candidates. That was my first group, me and this friend of mine did collages then. Now I'm doing the same thing and making a living at it.

BERGMAN: The first of the three times I've been kicked off the air was at Shaker Heights High School. I did a Chinese takeover on the school station that linked together all the rooms of the school. I got on one morning and I did the national anthem, then went right into a Chinese opera

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Collage of Firesign Theatre by Philip Proctor

28 Concerned Record Artists Join In Creating A Revolutionary New Album.

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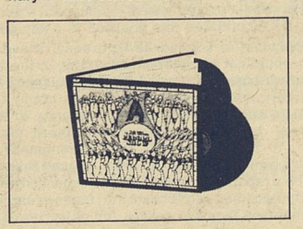

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PICASSO'S EROTIC ENGRAVINGS

On March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought after—and possibly scandalous—work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life—and therefore no art—has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece *oeuvre* of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully—or joyfully—portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's life-long friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of approximately *ten million dollars!* This is more than has ever been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking...amazing...extraordinary...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuoso performance." Armand St. Clair, Revue de Paris: "Mesmerizing...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography of today." Brian Fitzherbert, Nova: "Once again, Picasso demonstrates his astounding power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astonishing...A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Sun Times: "A great surprise package...Unparalleled for sustained interest and quality." Pierre Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

It is with great pride, therefore, and humility, that the editors of **Avant-Garde** announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be shown to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, the Societe de la Propriete Artistique, has appointed **Avant-Garde** as the sole proscenium for presentation of the quintessence of "347 Gravures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposes, the editors of **Avant-Garde** have spared neither expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of **Avant-Garde**—64 pages—will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will carry no advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique paper stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards, for permanent preservation. All in all, this lavishly produced issue of **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of **Avant-Garde** are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

Copies of this special collector's edition of **Avant-Garde** will not be offered for sale to the general public. They are being given away—*free*—as a gift to all new subscribers to **Avant-Garde.**

In case you've never heard of **Avant-Garde**, let us explain that it is the most beautiful—and daring—magazine in America today. Although launched only two years ago, already it has earned a reputation as *the* outstanding showcase for the exhibition of creative talent. This reputation stems from **Avant-Garde**'s editorial policy of *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression*. **Avant-Garde** steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). Thus, the world's most gifted artists, writers, and photographers continually bring to **Avant-Garde** their most uninhibited—and inspired—works. **Avant-Garde** serves—consistently—as a haven for the painting that is "too daring," the novella that is "too outrageous," the poem that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." **Avant-Garde** is proud of its reputation as the wild game sanctuary of American arts and letters.

In addition to Picasso, contributors to **Avant-Garde** include such renowned figures as Norman Mailer, Andrew Wyeth, Kenneth Tynan, Dan Greenburg, Phil Ochs, Allen Ginsberg, Dr. Karl Menninger, Carl Fischer, Paul Krassner, Andy Warhol, Eliot Elisofon, Warren Boroson, Peter Max, Richard Avedon, John Updike, Roald Dahl, Art Kane, Charles Schulz, Bert Stern, Richard Lindner, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, S.J. Perelman, James Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali, Terry Southern, Ashley Montagu, Isaac Bashevis Singer, William Burroughs, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexroth, Harper Lee, Jean Genet, and Marshall McLuhan.

Critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over **Avant-Garde**. "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! **Avant-Garde** has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions." says the San Francisco Chronicle. "**Avant-Garde** is guaranteed to shake the cobwebs out of the mind," says the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. "An exotic literary menu...A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "**Avant-Garde** is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science—and sex," says the New York Times. "[Its editor] deserves considerable credit for having risked printing this...," says LIFE. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reisner. "**Avant-Garde**'s articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the East Village Other. "It's the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says TIME. "**Avant-Garde** is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

Subscriptions to **Avant-Garde** ordinarily cost $10 per year. In conjunction with this special Picasso erotic engravings offer, however, we are offering ten-month introductory subscriptions for *ONLY $5!* This is virtually *HALF PRICE!!* To enter your subscription (five issues)—*and obtain a copy of the Picasso erotic engravings folio ABSOLUTELY FREE*—simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $5 to: **Avant-Garde**, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

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FILM REVIEW

Kenneth Anger conjures demon spirits

RICHARD WHITEHALL
Sun Sign: Aquarian.
Rising Sign: Scorpio.
Ruling Planet: Uranus.
Energy Component: Mars in Taurus.
Type: Fixed Air.
Lifework: MAGICK
Magical Weapon: Cinematograph.

So begins a word portrait Kenneth Anger once drew of himself in which he listed his heroes as 'Flash Gordon, Lautreamont, William Beckford, Melies, Alfred C. Kinsey, Aleister Crowley.' A mixed bag on the face of it, and yet the influence of each one of them shows clearly in Anger's work. I don't know if he has always thought of himself as a magician rather than a filmmaker, if he has always considered his works to be spells and invocations rather than narratives or explorations of the subconscious but all of Anger's films, right back to "Fireworks," are cast in the form of ceremonials, paganistic and mythic. His films aren't so much antichristian (as I've seen them labelled) as pre-christian in their presentation of dark preoccupations, violent subterranean fantasies, without guilt or shame.

After the long silence of near-death which overtook Anger when the only copy of his ambitious "Lucifer Rising" was stolen from the Haight Theater three years ago, his most recently completed film, shot in San Francisco but edited in Europe, will be showing both at the Cinema and at Cinemaheque 16 this week. At the Cinema it will be a part of the Sixth Anniversary celebration of Underground Cinema 12 and at Cinematheque 16 it will complete the Anger retrospective now being screened there.

"Invocation of My Demon Brother" is Anger's purest visual achievment, the one in which his use of ritual is at its most refined. The whole work, ten minutes long, is a conjuration of pagan forces that comes off the screen in a surge of spiritual and mystical power. It has weirdly compelling imagery, with a soundtrack of Mick Jagger on a Moog Synthesizer that has the insistent hallucinatory power of voodoo. It's a film that isn't very easy to describe, and one that, without many viewings, will be impossible to analyse, because like the forest that grew up around the castle of The Sleeping Beauty the inner core of the work is concealed by thickets and undergrowths of religious and mystical significance penetrable only with an extra-curricular knowledge of magical symbols. I, for one, don't happen to possess that knowledge.

There are a number of shots of man-made stigmata, for instance, tattooed scarabs and arachnids looming large in close-up, which seem to possess a ritualistic significance beyond their surface beauty. But just what the significance may be I have no idea. Then there are whole stretches of religious ceremonial in which Anger as The Magus summons Anton Szander Le Vey as His Satanic Majesty to preside at a midnight mass which, I suspect, can only be fully understood by those familiar with the teachings of the English Satanist, Aleister Crowley. Yet the unfamiliarity of the ritual and one's lack of knowledge of the symbolism employed (in which the swastika used for its pre-Hitler solar significance plays quite a large part) detracts hardly at all from the impact of the film.

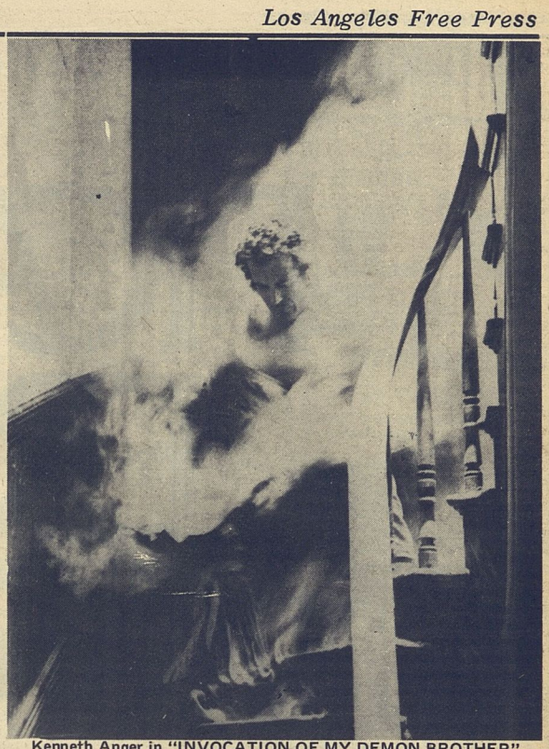
Like "Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome," the previous Anger film to which "Invocation" bears most resemblance, the new film works mainly through the richness (and strangeness) of it's creator's imagination and the density of texture, the brilliance of surface, he has put into the work. Again there are the multiple superimpositions but used much more sparsely than before, so that their impact is so much the greater. And, I suppose, even more than "Inauguration" the movie to which "Invocation" has the closest spiritual resemblance is that orgy sequence in "Rosemary's Baby" wherein the heroine is penetrated by The Devil.

"Invocation" has much less explicit sexuality than Polanski's film. There are shots of naked boys and limp genitalia but, on the whole, there is less overt sexuality than in any of Anger's other films with the sole exception of "Eaux D'Artifice." Yet "Invocation" builds a full-bodied eroticism. Not through the use of sexual detail as in "Fireworks," for instance, or "Scorpio Rising." But through a glowing sensuosity of color, of midnight blue and black, gold and crimson, that Polanski's film came nowhere near evoking for all its naked caperings and pastiches of Dali depravity.

I would have liked to have seen "Inauguration" and "Invocation" screened together. (as they will be at Cinematheque 16, but only "Invocation" had arrived from New York in time for this review) in order to note their similarities and differences. I haven't seen the former since The Anger Magick Lantern Cycle showed here three years ago, and a lot of it is now only hazily recalled to mind (although that fantastic sequence of the girl swallowing the jewels remains as vivid a memory now as it was the day I first saw it). But Anger, loner that he's always been, is still one of our most important and innovative artists.

Recently, for instance, I've seen both "Fireworks" and "Scorpio Rising" again. The former, made in 1947 when Anger was only seventeen, has its technical limitations but still comes across as a startlingly original conception while the latter will still be remembered, I think, when all the black-leather epics that came after it have long been forgotten. Both stand the test of time because they contain an artist's vision. For whatever else Anger may be he is, finally, an artist. Or, as he himself would say, a magician.

The program this Saturday midnight at the Cinema will mark six years of Underground Cinema 12 or, as it was when I first became a regular, Movies Round Midnight. Mike Getz has some remarkable films lined up for future programs—Scott Bartlett's "Moon" and Will Hindle's "Watersmith," Ronald Nameth's "LGA" (which stands for Lincoln's Gettsburg Address), two from Carl Linder, "Gorgeous" and "Vampire, The Passion of," Barry Spinello's "Soundtrack" which is visual and soundtrack drawn directly on to film and the Che Guevera film, "End of a Revolution." And, from tonight at Cinematheque 16 and on Saturday at the Cinema, there's the newest film by Kenneth Anger:
Religion: Thelemite.
Diety: Horus the Avenger; The Crowned and Conquering Child.
Magical Motto: "Force and Fire."
Holy Guardian Angel: MI-CA-EL.
Affinity: Geburah.
Familiar: Mongoose.
Antipathy: Saturn and all His Works.
Characteristic: Left-handed fanatic craftsman.



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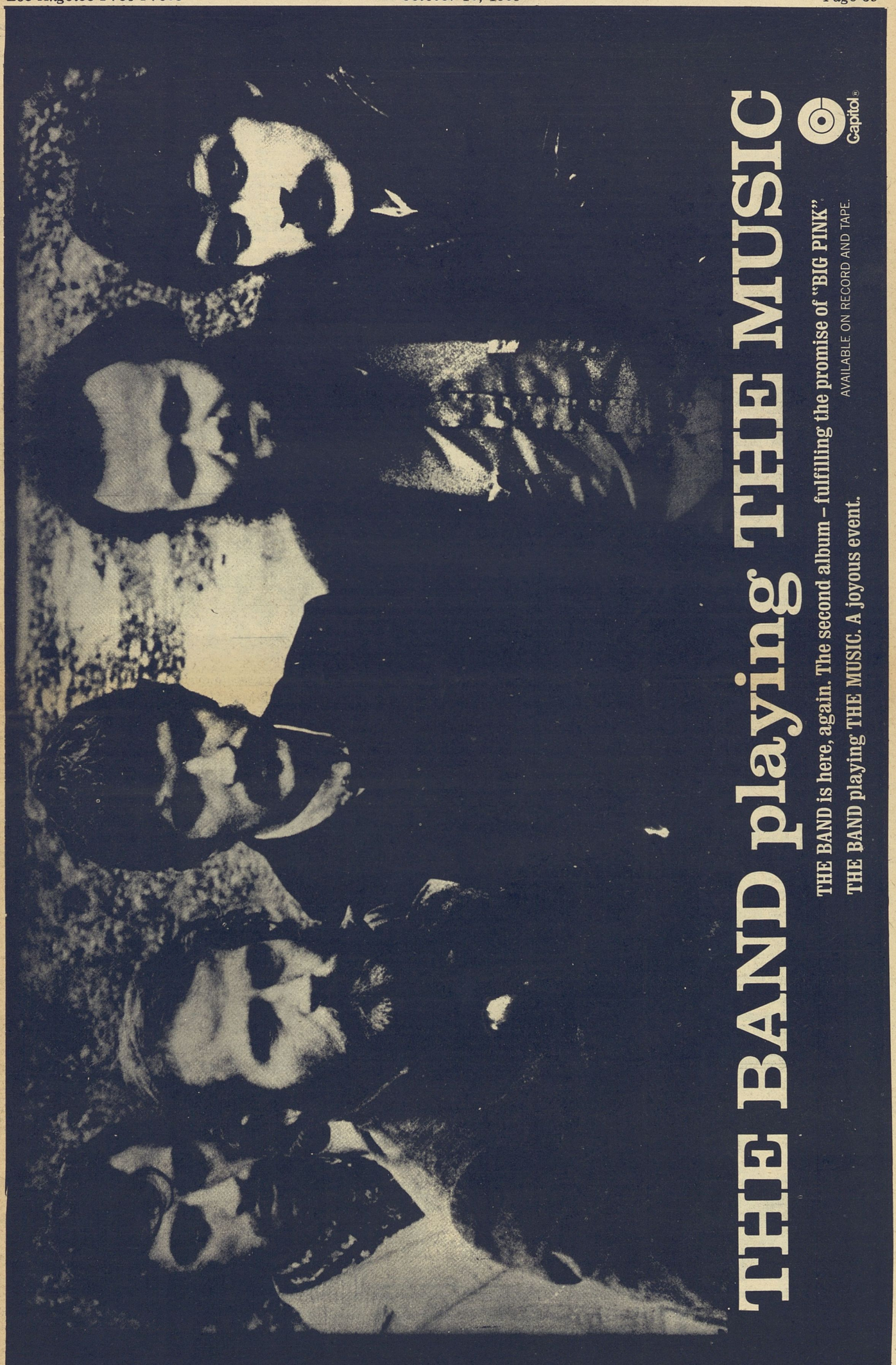
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New releases

Keyboard giants and dwarf stars record Mozart, Bartok

SKALD

The piano is the most popular solo instrument, after the guitar, in music. The piano has more practitioners, good and bad, plying their wares from town to town, and recording ever more portions of the repertoire than any other "classical" instrument.

For all the new releases, and new pianists, long established names still conjure their own magic. Wanda Landowska, dead at 80, at her Connecticut home in 1959, was one of those. Her harpsichord recordings of Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier" for RCA, lo these many years ago, are still prized models of Bach performance.

Once Madame Landowska took up the harpsichord it was quickly forgotten that she had been internationally famed as a pianist. Some proof of that reputation is on Seraphim 60116, a re-release of the Mozart "Piano Concerto No. 26" recorded in 1937. The sound has been souped up somewhat, but the orchestra still audibly suffers the outrages of recording of the period. Still, there is Madame Landowska's pianistic talents. Hi-fi it is not; great music it is.

The Mozart is coupled with Haydn's "Harpsichord Concerto in D," a pleasant enough work, modeled after Carl P.E. Bach, Viennese to a fault, but unprepossessing, therefore harmless.

Bella Bartok's "Mikrokosmos" are also unprepossessing—until you try to play them. The simple little titles such as "Bagpipe," and "Peasant Dance" disguise some of the most fiendish music put to paper. It is difficult to believe that Bartok intended these to be a piano instructor; theoretically the student who mastered them, No. 1 to No. 153, would be an accomplished pianist. (The first two books are dedicated to Bartok's son, Peter, who became a sound engineer, perhaps convinced in mid-course that recording would be more rewarding than performing. At any rate, only the first two books are dedicated to Peter.)

Few of the "Mikrokosmos" are now played; Busoni and Chopin are more popular with music teachers. They are also easier. The Bartok is, though, much better music—when it is played the way Bartok intended.

Nineteen of the 153 pieces are included on Odyssey 36 16 0220, like the Seraphim release a below-three-dollar list price record. These 1940 recordings serve Bartok's piano well enough, and the composer does good service to his music. Didactic it may be, but it is also sprightly, sometimes painfully beautiful, sometimes funny as hell. The moods change with the pianistic skill each piece was designed to develop. There is nothing in the piano repertoire like it, and there may never be. Genius comes but sparingly in each generation.

The "Mikrokosmos" selections are coupled with a famed 78 rpm release, Bartok's "Contrasts," written for clarinetist Benny Goodman and violinist Joseph Szigeti. In 1940, they joined the composer to record the composition; thirty years and a dozen recordings later, this first session is still the best.

Neither Bartok nor Landowska were considered pianists as their careers matured. Arthur Schnabel was never anything but. In fact, he was for the first half of the century, just about the foremost pianist going.

His career was rooted in Beethoven, and his recordings of the sonatas, especially the late ones, are still considered definitive interpretations. Still, he could play, and play well, other music as "The Art of Arthur Schnabel" (Seraphim 60115) demonstrates.

This is a recital as it were of Mozart, Schubert, Brahms and Weber, recorded between 1946 and 1950, shortly before Schnabel died. Its purpose is, judging from the title, a demonstration of Schnabel's art; it accomplishes this very well, thank you.

It is a bit more difficult to figure out just what "Piano Music of Chabrier" performed by Aldo Ciccolini (Angel 36627) accomplishes. Ciccolini plays these pieces with great style to be sure, but when all is said and done, the music doesn't seem to quite measure up to the elan with which Ciccolini invests it.

Chabrier is probably best known for his "Espana," included here in a muscular transcription by Camille Chevillard, and that work is reasonably representative of Chabrier's effervescent output. As a forerunner to, and influence upon, Debussy, Ravel, and especially Satie, Chabrier merits attention. A major composer Chabrier is not. So how many are?

Ciccolini's formidible skills are better employed on an earlier series of recordings of the excellent piano music of Eric Satie (Angel 36482, 36459, and 36485). There pianistic talent and musical value are neatly joined.

Those qualities are amply demonstrated in recordings by Rudolf Serkin and Phillippe Entremont. Serkin re-records the Schumann piano concerto, coupling it with Mendelssohn's first piano concerto. Entremont has at the last two of Bartok's three piano concerti.

Matters seem well balanced here. Serkin is backed by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia, men for whom this Romantic stuff is second nature. (Columbia MS 7185). Entremont works with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic, an organization which in recent years under Bernstein delved into the contemporary repertoire. (Columbia MS 7145).

Serkin has built an enviable and deserved reputation for his playing of the Nineteenth Century Romantics over the last thirty or forty years. Entremont, at 35, is championing the newer Romantics.

Each does his thing in good order. Entremont handles both the percussive second and the ethereal third with appropriate respect; Bernstein keeps orchestra and soloist in line, mindful of Bartok's insistence that his piano concerti were compositions for both piano and orchestra, not for piano with orchestral accompaniment.

That, of course, is not true of the Schumann-Mendelssohn coupling. These are, in truth, works for bravura pianists assisted by orchestra. Serkin is more than man enough to carry out his end of it; Ormandy keeps his place —like a Chinese wife, two steps behind at all times, respectful of her lord and master.

Finally, there is Aleksander Slobodyanik, a 25-year-old Russian who makes his record debut in the United States with Angel Melodiya 40109.

Prokofief is de rigeur for young Soviet musicians, and the young Russian seems altogether at home here. He is crisp and energetic both, prime requirements for Prokofiev a la Russe. The Haydn comes off well too, better than one might have expected seeing as how the Russians do not usually make much of the Classical repertoire. The Chopin though seems too much like the Prokofiev, technically correct to be sure, but lacking in—for want of a better word—sensitivity. The reserve which stands Slobodyanik well in the Prokofiev and Haydn is misplaced here.

Comrade Slobodyanik's concert with the Los AngelesPhilharmonic later this season promises to be entertaining if his record debut is a fair example of his work.

NEXT WEEK

Henri Temianka and his California Chamber Orchestra open their tenth season with a concert at UCLA's Royce Hall Sunday, October 5. The orchestra has new competition from the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra which makes its debut later in October. The comparison could prove interesting.

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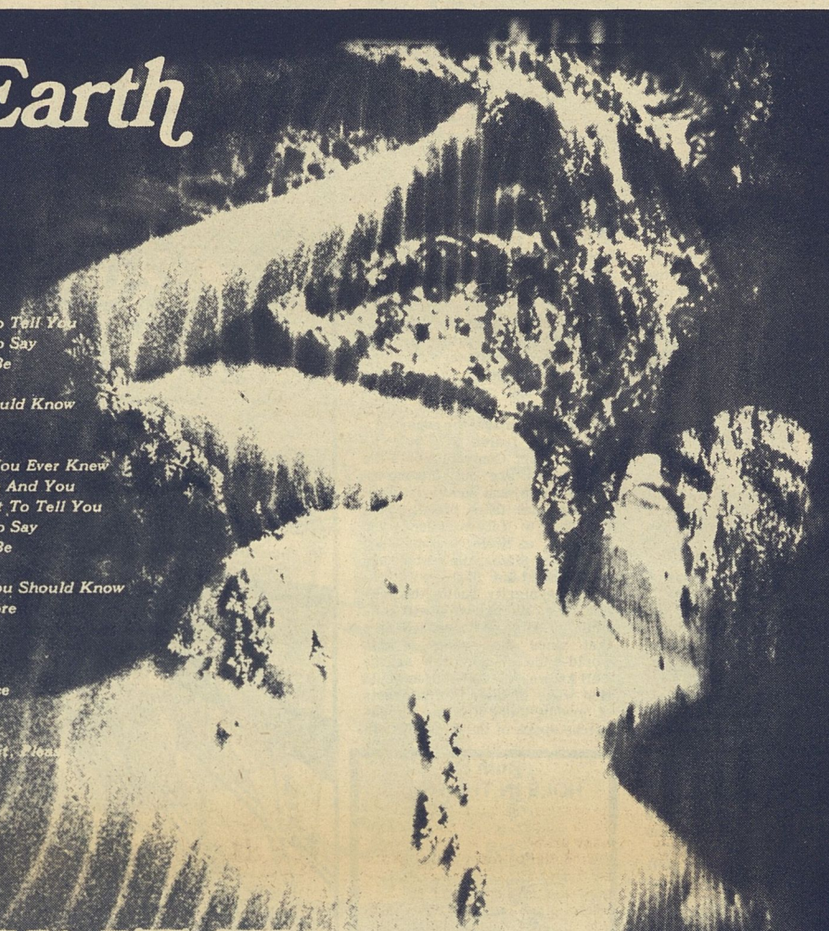

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Maybe I Wasn't Everything I Was Supposed To Be
But Wait A Minute, Oh Before You Leave
Wait, Wait, Wait, There's Something I Think You Should Know
There's Gonna Be Changes Baby Like Never Before
I'm Gonna Crown You With Love
I'm Gonna Please You Baby
With Love, Love, Love, Love
Wait, Wait, Wait, Give Me Just One More Chance
To Make These Changes Baby
In Our Whole Life's Plan
Wait, Wait, Please Wait, Please Wait, Please Wait, Plea
Please Baby, Please Wait.

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"WAIT, WAIT, W...
from Their Latest Album
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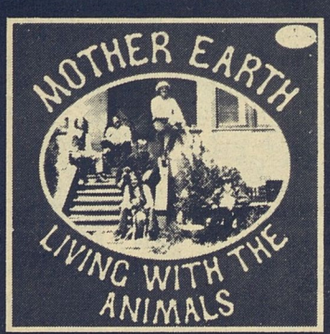

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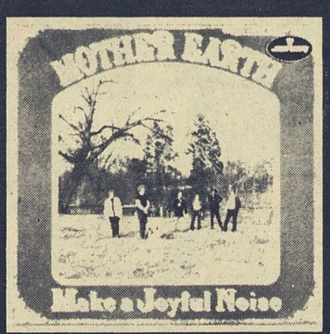

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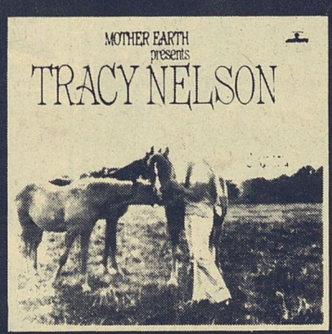

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Universities are political microcosms

Student rebels reach for power

LONG MARCH, SHORT SPRING: THE STUDENT UPRISING AT HOME AND ABROAD
By Barbara and John Ehrenreich (Monthly Review Press, $5.95).

ROBERT MEYERS

Barbara and John Ehrenreich traveled throughout Europe during the summer of 1968 to gather information for their book on student uprisings in various nations. Their findings show that not only were the outbreaks neither accident nor coincidence, but that they are likely to repeat in the future—and that fanning any local fire will always be the strong bellows of student reaction to American foreign policy.

Stating in their Preface that they want to leave history to the historians, and report only their experiences of student rebellion, the Ehrenreichs report on conditions in universities in Germany, Italy, France, England, and the U.S. (specifically at Columbia University in New York, when during those tumultuous days of May, 1968, it was, if not a foreign country, then at least an occupied one). They also include chapters on "The Year of the Student," and "What the Students Really Want," (the latter a one-page lyric from the N.Y. radical group, Up Against the Wall/Motherfuckers, which basically adds up to Norman Mailer's recent mayoralty slogan, "No More Shit!"), as well as a good concluding chapter entitled, "Graduation," in which they give a broad outline of radical student politics in the past, and of what can be expected in the future (basically, a lot more shit hitting the ivy-covered walls).

In Germany it was the spectre of Nazism lying just beyond the rosy cloud of the "economic miracle;" in France it was the guilt and revulsion stemming from the sordid colonial past in Algeria; in Italy, stifling academic conditions which seemed out of touch with the modern world; in England, dissatisfaction with the Labour government and the binary system of English education —Cambridge and Oxford for the upper class, the red-brick "new schools" for everyone else; at Columbia, the administration attitude towards students in general (not very good), the furor over the building of the gym in Harlem that would take land away from the black community in exchange for a back-door entrance to the pool, and the inept use of the police department. In all these instances, the authors show, the conditions were ripe for a student revolt, and needed only a catalyst to bring things to a boil, and the catalyst could usually be found in administration or governmental insensitivity to the student demands. If that wasn't enough, there was always the world-wide (and student-wide) antipathy to the war in Vietnam.

Where would we all be today if Vietnam were known only as a placid agricultural country somewhere in the Far East, with an indigenous population that lived off the land? Probably bogged down in some South American jungle somewhere, but the point could just as easily be made, students on an international level take their own governments' actions very seriously, and very few students today back up their countries' ties with U.S. policy in the East. No revolt that the authors cite is without its "Get Out Of Vietnam" placards, if not its "Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh" chants. Perhaps because they are so involved with it the Ehrenreichs do not make the point strongly enough: as a CLASS, on an international level, the middle class war babies born in the mid-forties have sensed and felt and grasped their own power, and it is on that level that they act in their own countries, and are acted against (either by administrators in and out of government who are older, or by civil authorities who are, as a group, from a lower economic background). There is almost a formalized scenario that is acted out, and no doubt will be acted out in the months to come: there are student grievances, which are ignored or scorned by those in authority, the "usual channels" of petitions and discussions are exhausted; tempers heat up on both sides; something happens to trigger an explosion (students step out of line or administrators slam the door); the students mass; the cops overreact, and faster than you can say, "Instant Confrontation," the gas masks are out, the barricades go up, and another student uprising has taken place. From Germany to Italy to France and England, as well as Japan and the United States, the actions and reactions take place with definite regularity during the school year, and probably will continue to do so. Although it seems that since the events of this world-wide phenomenon are so well known, the authorities would find ways in their own interests of heading them off. The Ehrenreichs speak of the possibility of repression, though not at length, since that is not their purpose. But the implication is clear: repression of activities that are so strongly rooted in a generation's sense of itself are doubly dangerous to the repressors, because once driven underground, the fury and anger tend to lie dormant until they rise again,

(Please turn to Page 50)

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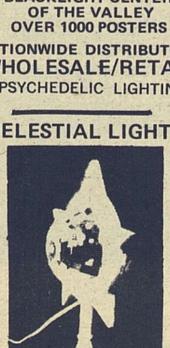
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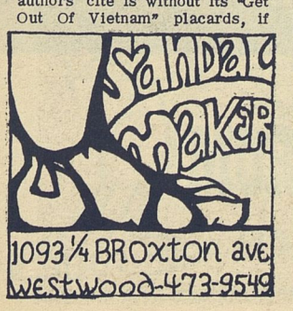

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BOOK REVIEW: HELLO, COLUMBIA!

RONALD M. SOHIGIAN

The STAWBERRY STATEMENT (Random House, $4.95) is about the author's involvement with the disturbances which occurred at Columbia University between April and August 1968.

In a book of this kind, there are three potential centers on which the author can focus. First, he can write about the event itself, concentrating on an informed and instructive account of what actually happened. Second, he can devote his attention to the relationship between the event and his own personality, showing how what happened affected him. Third, he can talk about himself, with the event simply acting as a kind of backdrop in which he inacts whatever private or public drama he may have in mind.

Regrettably, Kunen has chosen the third approach. This is unfortunate because, very frankly, Kunen's own personality as it emerges from the pages of the book is not interesting enough to merit our attention.

The most fascinating thing about THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT is to reflect on why Kunen elected to devote its pages to an examination of himself with events of high significance merely hinted at or suggested. There are probably several reasons for this.

Throughout the book is a curious quality of outsideness and separation. Kunen is not himself one of the main characters in the Columbia uprising. The peoples, places, and symbols involved in the confrontation included members of the Columbia administration, somewhat arbitrary and struggling to make sense out of a plethora of events and feelings which they fundamentally could not understand and, because they were comfortable in their niches in the establishment, probably did not really want to understand; the SDS composed of a motley group of revolutionaries, hangers on, talkers, doers, spies for the administration, and miscellaneous members of other classifications; the Institute for Defense Analysis, a group of twelve universities including Columbia (although at one time the Columbia administration denied that Columbia was involved in the IDA), doing research for the Pentagon; various AD HOC groups which gravitiated in to different positions on the spectrum of dissent against or support for the administration; the rush of the University to absorb public land for its building program and thereby to squeeze its neighbors (chiefly the black residents of Harlem) into an even tighter and less livable pocket.

Kunen's contact with these people, places, and symbols was remote. He was not a true confidant of any of the persons. Obviously, he would not be a member of the inner circle of the administration, but he was not a member of the high councils among the revolutionaries, either. Indeed, by his own admission, he did not even get to many of the meetings of the revolutionaries. Of those which he did attend, he was often late and more often than not inattentive.

Thus, one is led to the conclusion that Kunen did not concentrate on the events of the Columbia uprising chiefly because he did not have enough information about those events or patience to investigate them. Where he does deal directly with those events, his book takes on a refreshing pace and appeal. Columbia was, after all, among the first of the Ivy League colleges to experience unrest expressed as demonstrations and quasi military confrontations between student and non-student political activists on the one hand and the University administration and local police on the other hand.

The posture taken by some of the members of the Columbia administration was a kind of monument to the insensitivity of entrenched bureaucrats to the increasingly persistent demands made by the young.

The book's very title is an indication of this. It is taken from an imperious remark—one which will no doubt live in the annals of high, almost roccoco, insensitivity to the mood of the times—made by a member of the Columbia administration, a man with the unlikely title of Dean Deane (remember Major Major from CATCH 22?). Deane (whose first name is Herbert) said:

"A university is definitely not a democratic institution. When decisions begin to made democratically around here, I will not be here any longer... Whether students vote 'yes' or 'no' on an issue is like telling me they like strawberries."

Since the book is primarily about Kunen himself, we are led to exploring the question of what meaningful information emerges from Kunen's own personality. Kunen himself does not develop the implications of this question, but some things are more or less clear.

There occurs in adolescence—with about the same frequency and lasting effect as acne—an extraordinary conceit: That what the adolescent thinks, experiences, or creates is of blazing importance, simply because it is an activity of his own special ego. Each love is unprecedented and shattering. Each pain is unique. Each creative utterance is radiantly illuminating. This sort of perception of the peerless virtues of the creator's outlook are less the result of actual excellence of the product than of the fact that these things are the creator's—extensions of his unique personality.

This conceit is by no means always harmful. Indeed, there is a glittering tradition of adolescent creativity, of which the career of Rimbaud, whose genius flourished virtually only during his adolescence, is probably the classic example. But to be of enduring value to the reader, the surge of youthful exuberance must be somehow associated with real talent and durable content. Unfortunately, while THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT is the product of the understandable self infatuation and ebullience of its author, who was 19 when he wrote the book (he was born in 1948), it lacks pith and the kind of reliable judgement which come from reflection.

In one of the slightly arch introductions, explaining how THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT was written, Kunen cautions his readers not to "spend too much time reading it because I didn't spend much time writing it." Perhaps so; and perhaps this is at the base of the book's pasty quality.

Kunen is essentially an occasional writer of brief pieces, short articles for daily or less frequent newspaper appearances, such as the columns which appear in syndication in such newspapers as the Los Angeles TIMES. His temperment is apparently unsuited to work on more extended material. His patience seems to fade and he becomes disconnectedly anectodal at best and merely flippant at worst. For example, his book is rife with flip narratives of encounters between Kunen and the rest of the world, in which the rest of the world has a way of coming out second best.

There is Kunen calling the telephone business office "just to

(Please turn to Page 51)

Yes, there really is a tommy flanders

We found him and held on to him long enough to gather "The Moonstone"

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Greatest scream ever recorded

MICHAEL OCHS

The days of insulting, boring, or merely adequate performers are over. Rock audiences will soon demand more of their stars. A star, in order to be just that, must demolish his fans with emotions they can get nowhere else. Rock was the new music that was supposed to satisfy some of the new urges of a new generation with a new sense of values. Are you currently listening to more rock and enjoying it less? Well, have you tried Joe Cocker yet?

Seeing is believing and hearing is confirming. Certain artists you can hear just once and know they are great, without having to read it in "Rolling Stone" or other current rock Bibles. Joe Cocker is a tornado in the midst of refreshing breezes and ill winds. He is a member of the old school of rock —the school that requires that every song be sung as if it were one's only chance of expression. And there are so few graduates of that school, especially those who majored in screaming.

There have been amazingly few great screams recorded in rock and roll. One of the longest screams ever recorded was by Screamin' Jay Hawkins—naturally. At the end of "I Put A Spell On You," Hawkins lets out an incredible ten second scream interspersed with assorted grunts. Although it is a very primitive scream, there has never been another scream recorded with such animalistic intensity.

Little Richard's screams were almost as animalistic, but his were happier and more sexual. Richard climaxes his recording of "She's Got It" with an exceptional three second scream, which showed that he was the master of the short scream. Whereas, in "Tell The Truth," Ray Charles perfected the anguished scream. And in "Ball And Chain," Janis Joplin exquisitely captured the frustrated scream. These have been the four greatest screams ever recorded in rock—until Joe Cocker recorded "With A Little Help From My Friends."

Cocker's scream in the second verse of this recording is a combination of all of the above screams. It's an incredible retching of the soul and contains every emotion. It almost makes you want to be a rock and roll star, because that's the intensity you would like to be able to express. Although the scream is less than five seconds long, it soars to an intensity that has never been equalled. With this scream, Cocker lets it all hang out with no reservation.

Cocker has no reservations when he performs either. He plays no instruments other than his body, and he plays his body as if it were every instrument. His long fingers play each other rather than any strings while his body pulsates like some distorted sound wave. And when he screams, his whole body becomes that scream, straining to reach that insane height. It's like watching someone in pain, yet you can't take your eyes off him. He gives you all he's got in him and still strains for more as if that weren't enough.

Cocker's performances are reminiscent of the old Alan Freed rock shows at the Paramount Theatre in New York, when rock and roll was a new experience. And a new experience it was. It was more than just magic. Performers like Jackie Wilson and Clyde McPhatter would tear their hearts open on stage, and you had to become part of the beauty of their intensity. You were sharing someone's innermost emotions, and you couldn't just sit there critically. They made you a part of their pain, and made you forget your own.

Joe Cocker brought back that same feeling to Newport '69 this summer. The audience he had to perform for was totally apathetic with their downers and general L.A. boredom. But Cocker would not let them stay that way. He needed their involvement to get himself off. So he sucked the energy out of the audience, and by the time he got to "With A Little Help From My Friends," they were all helping him. When he reached the scream, it was a visual and vocal orgasm that the audience will not soon forget. That was a rock experience.

That same experience comes across on Cocker's first album, "With A Little Help From My Friends," (A&M SP4182). It is damn near a perfect rock record. The title tune is definitely the stand out cut, but he also does an incredible job on "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" and "Do I Still Figure In Your Life?". Cocker is one of the few singers who can take a Dylan song and make it unquestionably his as

(Please turn to Page 53)

Joe Cocker photos by Bob Garcia

Tupelo, Miss., where Elvis

JERRY HOPKINS

(This is the first of a two part selection by the FREE PRESS from a forthcoming book about Elvis by Jerry Hopkins. It will be published later this year.)

TUPELO, Miss.—There is published in this Mississippi flatland town a bi-monthly guide to the local scenes and sites. The two pages in the center of the slender publication—called, imaginatively, SEE TUPELO—are devoted to a map and a list of "Points of Interest." The first 24 points are churches. The twenty-fifth is designated "Elvis Presley Park and Birthplace."

Which is not to say the 18,000-plus citizens of this town make too much of the fact that the Number One rocker of all time sang his first notes in Tupelo. (They do seem that religious, though—with no less than 75 churches in the county.) No, the residents of this farming community do not talk about Elvis or rock and roll. There are other subjects—food prices, bird dogs, crops, cars—and other personalities—Jim Ballard (the mayor), George Wallace, Dick Nixon—who earn the bulk of the dinner and front porch talk.

In fact, in some ways you'd never even know Elvis was born here, if you hadn't known in advance. Nowhere, for example, can you find an Elvis post card, a card that shows his face or that of his onetime home. Post cards sold today in Tupelo show only the new million-dollar federal building and the Tupelo National Battlefield site, where Johnny Reb took it in the rump from Yankee troops five times in two days.

Long before Tupelo's fines fought for honor and slavery, the natives of this region were Indians. Here, in the northeastern corner of the state, between the heads of the Tombigbee and Tallahatchie Rivers, the Chicasaw nation lived. Fish and game were plentiful then.

With the coming of the white man, however, fish, game and Indians were killed or pushed west and the soil was plowed for cotton and corn, the flat lands used as grazing land. The region did not grow rich. (The Presleys were among the many poor in 1935, when Gladys gave her husband Vernon a son, Elvis Aron; a twin died at birth.) Then the Tennessee Valley Authority was established and Tupelo, situated just 55 miles from the Tennessee border, became the first TVA town in the state.

Today it is a small city prospering. The federal government has put up huge modern gray slabs—offices for the local merchants and professional men. While more and more are buying motorboats, to ply the waters of the three lakes in the area. Still there are poor whites sitting on benches outside the courthouse and dirt-poor blacks living in tired lean-to's outside town, but much has changed since the Presly family followed the tracks of the GM&O Railroad north and west to Memphis 22 years ago.

The rural feel of Tupelo is captured in the songs that have been written about the place. Webb Pierce and Mel Tillis wrote one of them, a ballad to the local lockup, "Tupelo County Jail." John

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Anderson of Jethro Tull

PETE SENOFF

Emulation might, indeed, be the greatest form of flattery, but what if the artist accused of such actions really never had that thought in mind, but had been unjustly "branded" by various elements of the rock press?

Such is the position Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull has found himself in. Virtually every article, every review of the group links the talented Anderson with thoughts of Roland Kirk and "jazz," on which two subjects he has some definite thoughts.

"I was accused in one of the articles Leonard Feather wrote on the Newport (R.I.) Festival as being a second-rate Roland Kirk. Which is extraordinary that somebody like Feather, who's known as a critic of some acclaim, anyways, to be so easily duped by sounds to think that I'm trying to be a second-rate Kirk. I mean, there's no comparison between Roland Kirk and me. I don't know how old he is, but I'm only 21. I've only been playing flute for 18 months. Technically, there's no comparison whatsoever. Soundwise, there is a similarity. Roland Kirk does it because he's a person who understands the instrument to a fantastic degree. I do it because it's the one sound that I can make on a flute which will blend with a guitar; a strident, noisy sound. I have to do it; it's a matter of coming across."

Aside from the Newport Festival, which actually had more rock groups on the bill than jazzmen, Jethro Tull DID play on one pure-jazz festival, which took place earlier in Miami. Curiously enough, Roland Kirk happened to be sharing the bill.

"Yeh, he was there, but I wouldn't call him a jazz group anymore. He's sort of a slightly-misguided, very good musician who's trying to cater to the tastes of the sort of "hippies"; those "We'll be with it" middle-aged people who think it's really funny to be musically different; to bang gongs and kick them off stage and make as much noise out-of-tune as possible. You know, he's very exciting, but he doesn't play much anymore. I've only heard his records and he's really a great musician. But now I think he's sort of got lost in this Black Power business, from what I can gather. He's sort of said: "I can dig it" and "Up against the wall" and all that business. You know, that degenerate sort of cult thing that's cropping up around music. It's really sad that he's going that way."

According to Anderson, the Miami audience seemed quite firm in its convictions before Tull went on. They had come to see jazz and that's all they would put up with. They illustrated this the night before by walking out, almost en masse, on Booker T. and the M.G.s, when the first riffs of "electric" guitar could be heard. But, as Anderson relates it:

"They didn't walk-out on us; possibly because it went so far in the other direction that they had to stay to see what was going to happen. It interested them even if they didn't like the music. They weren't seeing just a sort of nice mums and dads electric group, like Booker T. It was something else... like the hairy "What I don't want my son and daughter to turn out to be"... right there, in the face. They must have been interested; and, in the end, it worked. The mums and dads were jumping up and down in the front row, which was really weird. But none of the jazz people (musicians) made any criticism. They'd hover about and watch in a sort of intense half-amusement, trying to understand what it was that made people jump up and whether we were serious in what we were doing. They don't actually say anything, although they might give you a nod as you walk past. I don't really understand those people."

And as for the jazz idiom, itself, Anderson is quick to put his playing in the proper perspective.

"Listen, I can't play jazz. I'm not a musician in that sense. I'm a musician in as much as I understand... I have a pretty broad understanding of music and the different sorts of music. But as a player, I can't play jazz. I can't play classical music. I can't play folk music and I can't play blues. But I know what I can play. When I attempt to write and get together with the rest of the guys in the band, it's just music. To categorize it might help the listener or the critic, but it isn't necessary for the music to be categorized. Oh, there are times when I might refer to an untitled song as "that folk one" or that "jazzy one," which doesn't mean it's folk or jazz but just

(Please turn to Page 55)

Graceland (Memphis, Tennessee). Read about it in next week's Freep.

—photos by Jerry Hopkins

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find the Presley records; the selection is reasonably wide, but they're stuck away in the back with other "male vocalists." Nor is there any Presley sheet music at all, or any catalog in the songbook rack.

"Elvis?" said the clerk, a boy in his early 20s. "Yessir, we do get a reg'lar call for his records. Nothin' what you might call spectacular, mind, jus' reg'lar. He's strayed from the country sound, y'know. His gospel records sell well. Real well. We do real fine with gospel here."

By the front door there is a rack of gospel sheet music (larger than that devoted to country music), nearby another rack of religious books and pamphlets.

Not too many in Tupelo honestly remember the Presley family. Elvis was only 12 when he and his parents left and besides that, they lived a mile and a half from the center of town, our Route 78, the road to Birmingham. Mostly the Presleys stayed to themselves, working hard—when there was work to be had—and taking their prayers to the First Assembly of God Church.

It was in that church, which seated only 75, that Elvis acquired and nurtured his love of religious music. From Mississippi's catalog of native blues singers—John Lee Hooker, Big Bill Broonzy, Muddy Waters, Otis Spann, B.B. King, Jimmy Reed among them—and from Meridian, Miss., the birthplace of Jimmie Rodgers, the father of country music, came other influences.

"I never took any musical lessons," he once said, "but I heard some people singing and playing on the radio station in Tupelo and I liked listening."

Occasionally Elvis played his guitar and sang for his fellow students at the East Tupelo (now Lawhorn) school. When he revisited Tupelo in 1956—a star by then—he was remembered by former teachers as a good student, and Mrs. J.C. Grimes even recalled the first contest the Presley boy won.

"It was a little production we had in my home room," the fifth grade teacher said, "and you just should have heard him sing 'Old Shep.' I was so impressed that I went to Mr. J.D. Cole, the school principal and told him. As a result, Elvis performed at a talent program at the Mississippi-Alabama Fair."

Ironically, it was for this fair (and dairy show) that Elvis returned in 1956, attracting 30,000 to two performances. All the stores decorated their windows in an Elvis Presley theme for the occasion and parade floats were designed to depict his early RCA hits—"Heartbreak Hotel, "Hound Dog," "Blue Suede Shoes," etc.

The following year—and by then Elvis was an established film star, too—he returned for a second hometown reunion, this one a benefit performance to raise $25,000 to build a youth center and park on the site of his birthplace.

The product of that benefit concert is in what used to be called East Tupelo, or the East Heights section of town, and is out Main Streed one and a half miles, past the Tupelo Stock Yard (Wednes-

(Please turn to Page 49)

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--from Dream of Islands, paper movie by Lou Stoumen

Stoumen Exhibit at UCLA

Ever see a paper movie?

DAVID DAWDY

Most people have been to movies, and most have read the papers, but none that I know of have seen a paper movie.

Now, at UCLA, you can see a paper movie. The product of over 30 years of photography by Louis Clyde Stoumen, accompanied by his own text, stretch across the walls of the Dickson Art Center Gallery.

Reviewing this new form of art is part of the problem of achieving a critical statement about the content. Stoumen has written about war, far lands and islands, about love and his own country, and the war between the generations, so says the brochure. But more realistically, Stoumen has written about HIS war, love, country, and islands.

Whether His love is your love, and his islands your islands, is all part of what the generation gap is all about.

Stoumen has presented to us his vision of exotic lands, but they are lands that we have seen on T.V. He has presented us with love-ins but we have been to those. He speaks of his family, but we have our own, or we have the book by J. Lartigue of his family, that zany group of experimentors at the turn of the century.

Of the more than 100 photographs in the exhibit, many are among the most stunning I have seen, pictures of all the world in the process of living and dying. Many of them, unfortunately, mean more to Stoumen than they do to me, pictures of his father, his wagon, his classmates.

Of the text, all that can be said is that while passages cry out, most of it would better be in prose than all runtogether. The ones that do cry out cry for the children who hate their world, and not for the parents that have blown it.

Of the hanging of the exhibit, one can only wish that there were half as many photographs, and that the text were bigger so that one would not be compelled to do a two-step, up to read the poems and back to see the pictures. Many of the photos are smaller than 8X10—difficult to understand in a gallery exhibition.

Stoumen's credentials are impecable. He is a lover. A lover of the world; he is the conscience of the Western World; he is a friend. A friend of mine. And of yours.

His photographic paper movie is meant to rally the forces of love and compassion, and it does that to almost everyone who visits the gallery. Some of the most critical FEEL something upon leaving.

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-Micah 4: 4

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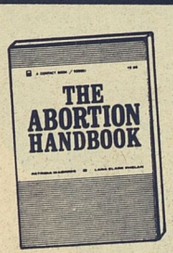

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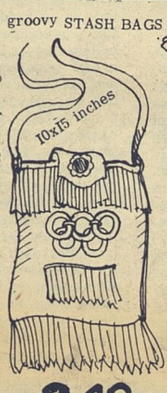

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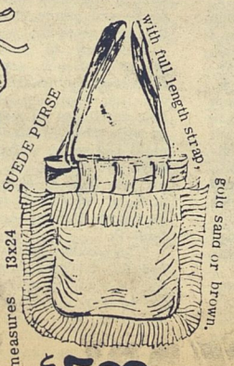

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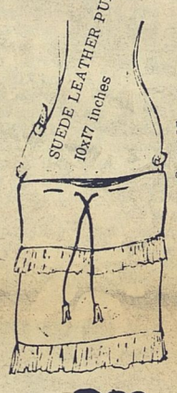

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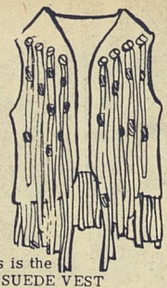

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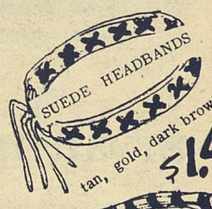

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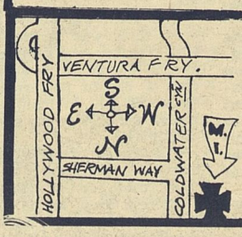

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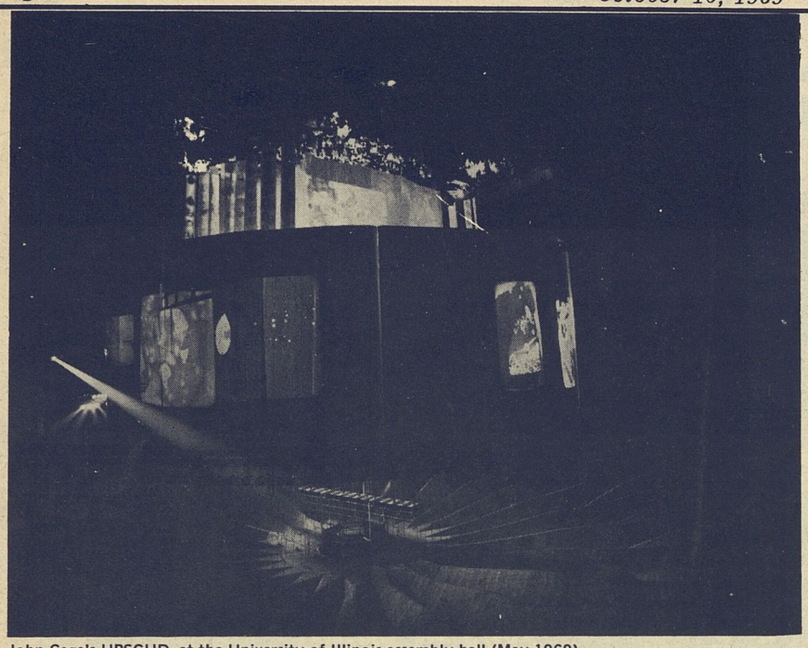

John Cage's HPSCHD, at the University of Illinois assembly hall (May 1969).

INTERMEDIA

Cage's intermedia glass beadgame

GENE YOUNGBLOOD

Buckminster Fuller has differentiated "mind" from "brain" by demonstrating that the brain performs "special case" functions on individual discreet bits of information while the mind is concerned with "general case" metaphysical relationships and implications. The careful observer can detect a universal trend toward the general case operative in most aspects of human activity today. In politics it is characterized by the apolitical consciousness of the video generation. In sex it is found in the growing awareness of man's fundamentally unisexual nature. In the arts it is revealed in intermedia, real-time systems and information environments.

In "The Glass Bead Game" Herman Hesse describes 25th century man as one who has completely surpassed the special case stage of evolution: "We moderns...do not even speak of major personalities until we encounter men who have gone beyond all original and idiosyncratic qualities to achieve the greatest possible integration into the generality, the greatest possible service to the supra-personal."

Freedom, says Norman O. Brown, is fusion: erasing the difference between what we are and what we do. Obviously the first step toward this ultimate general case must be taken by the arts, since it is their function to communicate the value and meaning content of society's messages.

The trend toward the general case in the arts has resulted in what is generally known as "intermedia." During the early 1960s a group of artists and engineers, working under the name USCO, pioneered in the development of multimedia performances and kinaesthetic events throughout the United States, Canada and Europe. More recently Gerd Stern and other members of USCO have joined with a group of behavioral scientists from Harvard University to form Intermedia Systems Corporation, whose purpose is to "...explore multi-channel audio-visual techniques and design of facilities, hardware and software" primarily for use in education, but with a view toward entertainment as education.

Since education is the obvious direction in which virtually all communication is trending, perhaps this group's definition of the word intermedia would be most appropriate here: "Intermedia environmental experience for the audience. Meaning is communicated not by coding ideas into abstract literary language, but by creating an emotionally real experience through the use of art rather than in science or engineering, the principles on which intermedia is based are grounded in the fields of psychology, information theory, and communication engineering."

Susan Sontag once defined the "two principal radical positions" in contemporary art as one which recommends the breaking down of distinctions between genres, and one which maintains or upholds those distinctions: on the one hand seeking a "vast behavioral magna or synaesthesis;" on the other hand pursuing "the intensification of what each art distinctively is." She concluded that the two positions are essentially irreconcilable except that "both are invoked to support a perennial modern quest—the quest for the definitive art form."

Surely the definitive art form is not anti-environmental, as art must be when viewed in terms of genres: to isolate a "subject" from its environs by giving it a "form" which in art denies the natural synaesthetic habitat of that subject, physical or metaphysical, icon or idea. In the progression of art history through form, structure and place, the idea of art as anti-environment has long been surpassed. This is not to say that any activity which seeks to discover the essence of a medium is somehow disreputable; on the contrary, the exclusive properties of a given medium are always brought into sharper focus when juxtaposed with those of another. In physics this is known as the Theory of Complimentarity: the logical relation between two descriptions or sets of concepts which, though mutually exclusive, are nevertheless both necessary for a complete knowledge of the phenomenon. In other words, the more pointedly and logically we formulate a thesis, the more irresistibly it cries out for its antithesis.

(Please turn to Page 30)

Draft board disrupters get two years

EUGENE, ORE. (LNS)—University of Oregon student body president Kip Morgan and David Gwyther, a fellow student activist, have been sentenced to two years each in prison for 30 minutes of protest against the draft, according to a College Press Service report.

The two face incarceration in Lompoc Federal Prison as a result of their conviction in U.S. District Court last June on three counts of "disrupting Selective Service proceedings."

Morgan acted as a judge, Gwyther as prosecuting attorney, and 12 other students as jurors in mock trials conducted at Eugene and Roseburg, Ore. local draft boards last winter.

In each of the two mock trials, the students entered official Selective Service board meetings en masse and staged a kangaroo court in which board members were pronounced guilty of "crimes against humanity."

Morgan and Gwyther, both of whom have been active in movements against military recruiting and police on campus, were brought to trial and charged with using "force" to disrupt the meetings which sign the death warrants of American boys every month.

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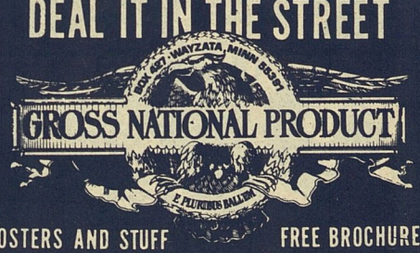

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Tupelo, where Elvis sang his first

(Continued from Page 45)

day is sale day), on Old Saltillo (pronounced SAL-tillo) Road, which leads to the community of that name. You turn left off Main after crossing Town Creek, before you get to the roller rink.

The small frame house is four blocks up and the sign on the side says, in huge black letters weathered by rain and sun, BIRTHPLACE OF ELVIS PRESLEY. Directly across the street is the St. Mark Methodist Church, while houses somewhat larger than the "shrine" stand a hundred feet away to the south and east.

The house is a shack, really, only 15 feet wide, exactly double that in length, not counting a porch just big enough for a couple of chairs and a hound. There are two windows on each side, a third at the front by the living room door, a fourth window and a second door at the back.

There are five steps leading to the porch, painted gray. The house itself is white. And it sits, oddly, on tired stumpy legs of cement block and faded brick, providing a crawl space under the house. No doubt Elvis spent some time there, lying in the cool or shaded dirt, chasing a stray cat or pup, perhaps hiding in a childhood game.

At 10 a.m. on a Saturday in summer there was a ghost town feel to the area. The Elvis Presley Youth Center was deserted.

The water in the 6-by-30-feet swimming pool lay sullen in the Mississippi morning sun. The children's playground—slides, swings and climbing spots—stood empty. The barbecue pits in scattered picnic sites held only the ashes of meals long ago consumed. The softball field and basketball courts were still. The center itself—a stage, a dance floor and large rooms for socials, indoor games and sports—was closed. And the Elvis Presley Birthplace sat out in front, keeping silent watch.

Occasionally a visitor would come, driving into one of the large parking lots, or parking on Old Saltillo in front of the house. Usually it was a family—parents in their late 20s or early 30s now, towing pre-school kids. The cars stopped, the visitors got out quietly and walked around the house, pausing to exchange a few words about how tiny it was or to take pictures. Then it was back to the car and away again.

The house stands there, in a clump of old comfortable trees, surrounded by a low picket fence. The fence was added by the Parks and Gardens Commission of the City of Tupelo to discourage visitors from writing on the walls and perhaps to make the house seem more spacious.

(Strangely, there IS no graffiti on the house, although the fence I easily climbed—stepped over, really—and those who wish to "sign-in" seem to prefer the large wood guitar that forms a part of the Center's sign—covering it with names, hometowns, dates and pledges of undying love.)

The fence gate at the front of the house is padlocked. So is the rear door. There are no doorknobs. A wire mesh covers all the windows, some of which are broken. Nobody home. Just memory.

Beyond the house on Old Saltillo there are a number of new houses made of brick, with fine suburban lawns; one of them sported a sign that day saying it was the "Lawn of the Month ...East Heights Garden Club."

Farther along is an old farmhouse and barn, there since the road was dirt, pastures for the young Elvis to visit, cows and horses to meet.

Back on the other side of town, not far from where 20,000 Confederate soldiers rested in the winter of 1864, the Dr. Leonard Sanderson, evangelist, was conducting an open air revival at the Harrisburg Ball Field, behind the Harrisburg Baptist Church—singin' and prayin' to begin at the odd time of 7:20 p.m. nightly.

In town itself, teenagers stood on corners, the boys with sideburns and the clothing you'd expect in a rural college town—khakis or jeans, short-sleeved sport shirts—the girls in skirts that stopped about knee-length but paraded the colors of Sears or Montgomery Ward Psychedelia.

In the weekend edition of Tupelo's DAILY JOURNAL, the television log showed WTWV was rebroadcasting the Elvis special at 8 o'clock Sunday. And over at the Lee Drive-In the weekend's giant program included Doris Day and Brian Keith in "With Six You Get Eggroll;" one of American International's all-time groovies, "Destroy All Monsters" (starring, among others, Godzilla); what was described as a "cartoon carnival;" and last but not least in the billing, a four-year-old Elvis Presley picture, "Paradise-Hawaiian Style."

On Tupelo's only radio station, WELO ("Adult Radio"), the programming director had planned a morning of lulling, inoffensive music mostly Mantavani and selections by the 101 strings.

Tupelo's radio sound—along with nearly everything else—had changed appreciably since Elvis was listening in.

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Middle class against dullness and hypocrisy

(Continued from Page 42)

with more vehemence than ever.

In Italy, the students' main complaint was the outmoded and dull university system. To them, simple discussion of scholastic reforms was, at the beginning, enough. Classes in imperialism, the philosophy of science, Vietnam, etc., were enough to satisfy them, though, the authors indicate, that will not be so in the future. However, like students in other nations who take their grievances out into the streets, the POLITICAL nature of the revolt is unquestioned—and the Ehrenreichs seem to mean political in the sense of "polis," the city or environment in which the students function. At Turin, for example, when the concept of psychoanalysis was introduced into a discussion taking place in a "liberated" building, it was done so "as a tool to understanding repression" (p. 54). Though individuals are not shunted aside in this continuation of the Romantic Revolution, it is the group that is paramount—in Italy as elsewhere. At Columbia, it was the pending action against the black community (the ill-fated gym) that was one of the sparks that lit the student revolt. In Japan, students have demonstrated against the presence of U.S. atomic submarines in their waters. These are POLITICAL actions, SOCIAL actions, and in that regard alone the authors indicate that they are as responsible as any actions might be.

Languages may differ, but students have picked up from each other more than just a sense of comaradarie; they have picked up style and substance as well, giving the lie to any who say that campus disorders on a global scale are just a product of unusually humid weather. From American students active in the voter registration drives in the Southern states, European students have picked up the idea of direct action, in which constituted officials are directly confronted by a mass of people protesting their greivances. German students have contributed the idea of the "go in," in which they simply take the direct action theory and add a neat little twist to it: if they are dissatisfied with, for example, a professor's answers to their questions, they go into his classroom and debate him—on the spot. Or, they demand time to present counter-arguments to his. The French students, when trying to win less strict dormitory rules, instituted after their nature, a "Sleep-In," in which the male students did just that in the women's dormitories. The authors do not report the result of that maneuver.

Just as Vietnam has been the one issue that has tangibly changed the student protests from something local in scope to something international in character —a protest against a way of life —so the revolutionary experience itself has changed the participants. Time and again the Ehrenreichs quote students who say their lives will never be the same after such-and-such a confrontation with the police, or administrators, or National Guard, or Army, or whatever. The change can often be quasi-religious in feeling ("... the sky became communicative. The helpless and isolated suddenly discovered that collective power lay in their hands..."). While one might argue that this is the verbal equivalent of gold-fish swallowing or moonlit walks along Lover's Leap, there can be no denying that even one visit to a protest line can be the kind of experience to change forever one's notion that the politicians always know what they're doing or that the police only protect and serve. Now that television gives as much coverage to demonstrations as it does to football games, even those watching at home can get the sense of what it is like to encounter a policeman on the wrong end of the nightstick outside the convention hall in Chicago. Long hair is not the only thing that protestors have in common; if things keep up, or go back to where they were, bloodied heads may be the tie that binds.

Fundamentally, the authors indicate that the world-wide protests are caused by the injustices of political regimes that claim to be democratic, but are in reality, no more democratic than they have to be. They show that the protestors are more often than not middle-class students dissatisfied with a life they find dull and un-rewarding, no matter how many suburbs are built to house them. They portray a generation, or at least a radical part of it, unwilling to settle for a wall of air between the promise and the fact, but willing to do something about bringing the two images together. They subscribe to the view that universities are a microcosm of the society they exist in, and so can only reflect and mirror the exact same torments that confront that society. But the fact they point up is that if revolutions can take place at universities, then they can take place in the institutions outside of those universities, "as the students take with them what they've learned." Revolution can be a personal act, of absolutely no significance to the world at large, or it can be the act of sitting-in at an administrator's office, "liberating," for no matter how many hours, a classroom building, or picking up a bottle to throw at the nearest helmet. The authors indicate that more than a few college students around the world have seen fit to commit any one of these acts, in order to gain for themselves the rights and liberties they demand for themselves. The picture for the future is uncertain, especially since both sides are girded for more of the same, and that usually means nothing will be the same, for if conditions outside the universities do not change, there is no reason to expect that conditions inside the universities will change either.

To their credit, the Ehrenreichs keep their own personal political beliefs in the background, allowing the facts to speak for them. And indeed the facts speak very clearly. There is useful bibliography at the end of the volume for further reading in the field of student unrest, containing works on all the countries covered by the authors. The book is dedicated "To the Vietnamese People."

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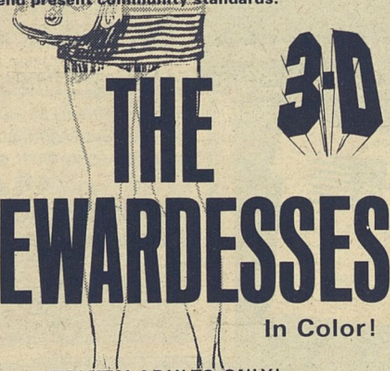
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Kunen's book 'lacks pith'

(Continued from Page 43)

pass the time" and asking why pay telephones do not make change for quarters. Although he is not precise about this, it is obvious that he directed this question to one of the struggling underlings of the telephone company—perhaps one of the super-sweet "service representatives" who takes orders for new phones and tries, strictly on instructions from some other frightened elevated clerk turned executive, to peddle princess phones or some other equally unwholesome advance of technology. The woman, not having been supplied with an answer to Kunen's question in advance, simple repeats to Kunen that pay phones do not make change because they are not built that way. Pick on someone smaller than you are—in size or intellect—and you will be able to push her around.

Or there is Kunen wondering whether a store called "Hard-To-Get-Records" also stocks easy to get records. If not, Kunen reasons, the fact that such records are not available there would make those records hard to get, so that the store should stock them.

What is all this frippery about? Its conscious purpose seems quite clearly to be padding, formally justified by the kind of adolescent egocentricity which I described earlier, plus some anxiety about whether Kunen really had anything to write in book form.

THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT is actually a patchwork book. Kunen did not have in mind writing a book when he began to collect the snippets of personal impressions which are pieced together in it. Originally some portions of the book were published in NEW YORK MAGAZINE under the pseudonym "Simon James." Thereafter, one suspects, someone suggested to Kunen that he should try to round the materials into a full-sized book for the trade lists. The job was too much for Kunen and the book comes out poorly. This soup has been watered so heavily that it is no longer nourishing. Kunen's material is too frail and will not tolerate the pounding and working necessary to expand its size into something which will sustain interest and have significance in the framework of a full length book.

In a very real way, this group of defects in Kunen's book is a profound symptom of our society. Kunen's failure is a result of too much noise and too many people. Noise—both audible noise and the racket created by life in unwholesome urban life, such as the clamor and din of depersonalized New York—has a way of over stimulating and exhausting; it produces excitement and anger—quite appropriate reactions if they themselves lead to creative activity—but which in Kunen have no direction. We all feel this in the form of anxiety which is very often created by the clutter and overstimulation of life in our environment.

Overstimulation can be created by other kinds of "noise." Too much knowlege, if it is disorganized and thrust upon the individual, creates the response of anxiety; often it is the common student's anxiety about not knowing facts. This anxiety, in turn, produces suspicion, guilt, mistrust. It creates a feeling that the individual may be stupid because he cannot possibly master all of the knowledge. It creates the feeling that the student is being manipulated by being drowned in a sea of information which seems to have no purpose or relevance to anything meaningful in his life.

In the past, people have attempted to master knowledge, or to acquire as much information as possible. This is the model of the diligent student, the dedicated professional, the credit to his race, or many of the other socially acceptable creatures who evoke praise from elders.

As the flood of stimuli becomes more overpowering, however, it is impossible to master all of the experiences—noise, ugliness, environmental contamination, irrelevant education, congestion, and all the rest—which exist in the world. So there has developed a new method for dealing with the anxieties which are naturally precipitated from this kind of overstimulation. The new method is for the student or victim of this overstimulation to begin acting first and to see what data he really needs. Thus, living becomes its own technique for organizing stimuli, a technique which is forced upon people because otherwise the stimuli are simply too much to manage. As a concomitant of this, the human mind simple shuts out some of the stimuli which it receives.

In this way, we all know that the Nazi genocide of 1934 to 1945 and Hiroshima and Nagasaki hoped to shatter man's assurance that mankind would continue as a species, and helped to bring more clearly to mind the distinct possibility that historical extinction might be the end of everything. As the SDS proclaimed in its 1962 "Port Huron Statement," in something of a manifesto for the new American left: "Our work is guided by the sense that we may be the last generation in the experiment with living."

It may be, therefore, that Kunen's technique — capricious, disjointed, fragmented—may be a symptom of the numbing effect of an overabundance of trauma in the world. It may be that Kunen, like a very great segment of youth throughout the world, is offended and astonished by the fact that others do not act as if extinction were imminent. It may be that the tremendous flaws in Kunen's book are inescapable flaws. It may be that it is impossible to sustain reflection about hostile and occasionally violent confrontation in a congested environment, because it is too terrible to face the consequences.

Toilet bowl football on Sunday

The staffs of the Los Angeles Free Press and The Image will confront each other in a football game to be held Sunday, October 12, in Griffith Park at noon.

Members of the public are invited to witness and participate in this historic Toilet Bowl game.

The game will be held in the large green field just above the Greek Theatre parking lot, Vermont Street entrance, to the right of the Greek Theatre. Picnic in the grass. Bring yourself, a football, food, drink and kids.

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Big fish eat the littler ones

(Continued from Page 35)

"Michael Disend was born August, 1945," says the "about the author" page, delighting in the historical coincidence. "After dropping out of the University of Wisconsin he studied himself —" a pose that stirs us to immediate irritation—"in Teheran, Kabul, Singapore, Bombay, the lower East Side, and San Francisco." That selection of city names was made expertly, by a public relations man (or Disend himself: its in quotes) in the print freak business, but also by someone who, unwittingly I suppose, is preparing Disend for sacrifice: that list of cities is an intolerable pose, a flatulence of self-congratulation that reeks of inauthentic being. But then, "He also plays the steel flute, sculpts, is a merchant seaman." A cultural workman, right? Acceptable to the neo-neo (Image)-Left. "Steel flute" would have driven a Nazi berserk. And finally, "He still lives in that tree." If I did not know that there was more serious work to do, that last line would have totally misdirected my conscience, and I, like some raving Nazi, would have gambled that if all Modernity's victims could be wiped out in my own lifetime, the new order would become wholely visible overnight. Luckily, I know that anti-Semitism is one of Modernity's less noble gimmicks for keeping its ship afloat: the total triumph of one would be simply the totally vulgar success of the other.

Open to any page of STOMPING THE GOYIM, and you too will probably settle for goose bumps of naked embarrassment.

Of Disend and Daniel, I have said they are emotional compromises with the old order, two kinds of insanity to be guarded against: specifically, I mean they are literary-freaks whose concept of service is wholly egotistical and subjective, and whose real accomplishment is self-defeat and distraction from necessary hard work. Daniel is sometimes a sharp satirist of the vulgar, totalitarian scene, as was, for example, John Stuart Mill, and the two have in common what Mill revealed as his problem in ON LIBERTY: a diagnosis the prescribed cure for which makes the disease worse. Mill misunderstood the reciprocity between popular totalitarianism and the over-all rationalization of life that he prescribes as an antidote for "the tyranny of the majority." Daniel misunderstands the reciprocity between his own ego trip and that of the Soviet Empire's.

The bureaucratic censors of Russian public language suppressed Daniel for the same lame reasons that the pigocracy in America is trying to subvert the Los Angeles FREE PRESS: theirs is the bigger ego trip. The big fish eat the little fish, the bigger ego trips have their appetites renewed by the pressure of the littler ones. The bigger the ego trip, the closer its own hairy hands will be on the levers of the history-making machine; but the littler ones feel the machine's presence as victims, and dedicate themselves to be executioners. If your lifetime is consumed by this game, you are not only a history-freak, you are, by operational definition, a totalitarian.

Disend is the shrewder totalitarian of the two: his style apes William Burrough's, and is so grossly egotistical in its self-enclosure and impenetrability that one is nearly lured to believe that he belongs to the new civilization, to its new language. Not so, as soon as one flashes on his lyricism as reboiled William Benton (of THIS IS MY BELOVED fame), and his vigor as no more thrilling than Willian Saroyan on an acid trip. His hippie characters are put-ons (not put-ons about the marvel of putting-on, but just plain dumb put-ons), literary postures as healthy looking as a page of industrially manufactured print; his people speak endless involuted triple-entendres that have nothing whatever to do with a new language of a new life-way. What they have to do with is a Jewish literati playing Joycean games for the amusement of establishment print-freaks; that way they can locate their books in the shopwindows of Kabul, Singapore, and San Francisco (an archetypal ethnic fantasy), and they can get all the cute young ass that their youthful, Leonine urgencies require. Disend is an imitation of an imitation: what Burroughs intuits as the MIND of the freak Disend copies and imposes back on the freak as a daily ongoing lifestyle of speech and self-realization. Burroughs is a brilliant gambler, doing what an artist is supposed to do: guess at the invisible. But Disend is a fraud who, while pretending to report to us about today's street as tomorrow's nation, is no more than a style without a humanity to substantiate it. Tolkien, however, he is not, because Disend comes to us not as entertaining troubador, but as an ego-tripping history-maker. Disend, in true totalitarian manner, wills to rule as if style and grammer were not inventions, but providential weaponry for getting people straightened out; he begins with concepts, and determinedly procrustean, fits his folks to them. That is not fantasy, that is psychosis; and Freud was right when he said that history-makers must be psychotic, though I think Freud blew it when he confessed his admiration for such Aries-like pomposity.

So, in Disend, what is on the surface a flight of imagination, is merely an autobiographical MEIN KAMPF. Quite indecent for a young Jew, you might suppose, if you are sentimental about the Jewish trip; if you are not, then such a performance on Disend's part becomes an ultimate temptation to reach one's hairy hand across the board and lift off from it one powerless, noisy Jewish doper who has just smeared across the western sky another meritless MEIN KAMPF of purely private value. We will undoubtedly hear from Disend again and again, until his victimage is fulfilled; modernity's apologists will congratulate Disend's ethnicity for delivering him to us perfected for sacrifice. But those of us who would like to repossess the sacrificial process in the name of something less psychotic than history-making, those of us who would like to de-secularize sacrifice, would also like to appeal to that particular ethnicity: KNOCK IT OFF, for everybody's sake haven't you had enough?

Daniel, by comparison, is the humbler dude and the better writer, but a social satirist in a league no more major than, say, Terry Southern. Unfortunately for him, however, Stalinism rules the Russian kulture circuit, and Stalinism is just another way of saying "the secular sacrificial process at its most efficient, direct, and unabashed." Poor Daniel: he wanted a book in a shopwindow so badly, he smuggled his works abroad, and caught legal hell for it. Publication, for the literature-freak, is mundane election, a kind of sovereignty he expects to be crowned with in his lifetime. How romantic and holy it all is, in their own heads, you have no idea until you really get behind one of them, behind their self-pity and their suffering, behind their egotistical posturing and posing: it's incredible! Shelley said poets were the world's true legislators... incredible! No wonder Plato wanted to throw them out of his Republic: and not because he was a crypto-fascist, but because Plato knew—heavy community-freak that he was—that the print-heads and alphabet-freaks were out of touch with the cycles of our shared reality that transcend the history-making trip. Plato's days were bummed by word-freaks: liberals into rhetoric, the Sophists, parliamentary bull-shitters, logicians. Yet words are a slight dimension of the human experience, they can in no way accurately report the music of

(Please turn to Page 53)

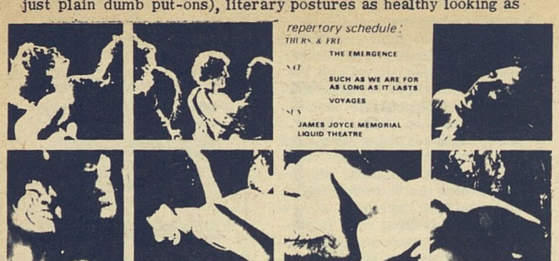
Cops in Venice

Five hundred Venice residents are receiving the opportunity to inspect the Los Angeles Judicial-Penal system Oct. 1 through 15. These 500 will be selected randomly by members of the city's finest police unit, the Metropolitan Squad, according to a highly unreliable source (a cop). The information is confirmed by the ACLU and a Congressman.

Armed, as usual, the Mets also bear personalized invitations in the form of John Doe warrants.

Venice councilmen might ask the mayor if this is his version of Operation Intercept—and if he expects it to be any more successful.

For a while at least Venice will be cleaner of dope than Mar Vista, but what about Bel Air, Beverly Hills and Hollywood?



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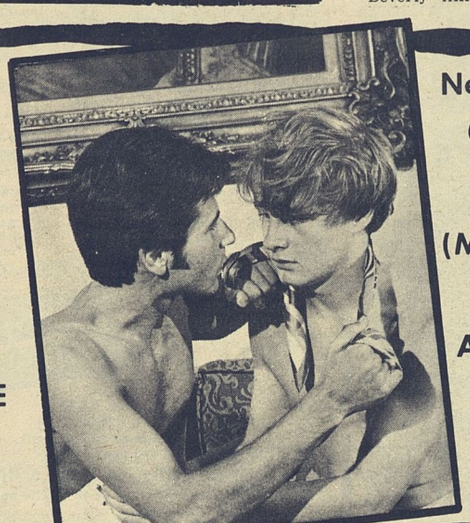
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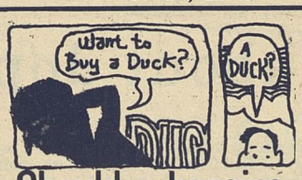

Should a hanging judge own a graveyard?

FRED HOFFMAN

Should a hanging judge own shares in a graveyard? In late 1958, 1959 and after, Judge Clement Furman Haynsworth and Bobby Gene Baker, then secretary to the Senate Majority, were among some 2 dozen initiating stockholders in Greenville Memorial Gardens Cemetary outside Greenville, South Carolina. Between them Haynsworth and Baker controlled about 9% of the 190-acre graveyard although Bobby Baker may have disposed of his shares after the scandals of 1963. Haynsworth reported to the Senate Judiciary Committee that he still owns 72 shares in the graveyard corporation.

Even if Strom Thurmond's favorite judge vests his graveyard interests in some kind of trust during his Supreme Court tenure, how will that eliminate conflict of interest? If only Negroes and Indians are executed is the conflict gone if the graveyard is for white only? If Capital punishment's constitutionality comes before the Court would a man who profits from selling gravesites act to lower the deathrate?

Print is a power trip

(Continued from Page 52)

the heavenly spheres; books are for the most part fucked; print lies; alphabets are inventions; grammar is not reality; logic sucks...life is fluid, cyclical, far-out, and only rarely does even the best of writing or story-telling net human beauty.

Short of netting human beauty, word-freaking is a power trip. And when writers lose, they whine and bite and carry-on outrageously. Daniel is present in all his stories, more or less. They are self-tormenting, self-pitying accounts of the suffering lives of Russian writers, artists, "intellectuals," etc. Admittedly, its miserable; but powerlessness in a world that is power-nuts is always miserable, for any impotent soul, writer or whatever. In one story, "Atonement," Daniel's hero goes insane because he decides he must suffer proportionate to his crimes: which are? On the narrative level, he omitted to intervene between the state and his fellow artists during one or another Stalinoid-adenoid purge; on the metaphysical level, he must suffer because he is, as "man," yet perfected—he has not created all that he might. It is in the matrix of such cliches that Daniel finds motivation enough for an artist to surrender totally to history and insanity. "Atonement" is morbid, it reminds one of Dostoevsky's passion for self-sacrifice, and Daniel, in that regard, is pervaded by Russian mystical sentiment. Christians and Jews have had that perverse intimacy from the beginning of their relationship. I used to think of Christians as people who were FORCED to be Jews, an idea that presupposes that most people are born to be happy, i.e., born to be pagans; the idea at least accounts for anti-Semitism. But the most profound vibration between Jews and Christians is a mutually shared obsession for the sacrificial process: they both see it (as Eugene Zamiatin intuited in his novel WE) as a universal path to some kind of generic salvation and transfiguration. Unlike pagan culture, which aims to contain the sacrificial process, Jewish-Christian culture—which includes Modernity as its finest creation, perverse as that development is—aims to universalize the sacrificial process. That is to say, it aims to infect every corner of your life with it; and if you won't let the church be the instrument for having every corner of your life subject to sacrifice, pain, and humiliation, then (under the secular slogans of "democracy" and "communism") you will let the state do it.

Daniel does not understand, as these stories reveal, that the writer is part and parcel of that ugly totalitarian process. He does not understand how he feeds it, how he fed it by writing what he did, and then, nobly, going to prison for it. Victimage is symbiotic. Daniel (as the Panthers say) is either a pig or a fool.

One of his characters approaches wisdom, an old waiter who commits suicide in "This Is Moscow Speaking," while Daniel's choice for hero perseveres at the end as a Russian patriot. (Russophiles in this country and Europe, and sentimental Russian nation-state worshippers over there get together on some invisible circuitry to deliver to us lame books such as this one; the translation is a symptom of that: stuffy, British English, complete with George Raft slang, and altogether empty of life and conviction.) In the waiter's apartment are wall-sized shelves of books, hidden away (as if this were FAHRENHEIT 451: really!) and he rips open a "grey curtain" to expose an army of tomes rank ordered and filed like so much dusty, historical inconsequentia. Of "all those...those scribblers," he decides, "its all a waste of time...their talking and arguing and fussing..." Indeed it is. And if you know that too, then teach it to someone else.

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JOE COCKER

(Continued from Page 44)

he does with "Just Like A Woman." The album also contains two of his earlier British hits, "Marjorine" and "Feeling Alright." And Cocker's exceptional singing is backed by great musicians like Stevie Winwood and Jimmy Page.

Cocker's second album should be out shortly, and it as good as this one. It contains his current single "Delta Lady," "Hitchcock Railway," and the Beatles "Something," among others. The recording sessions I attended were the equivalent to his performance at Devonshire Downs, especially on "Dear Landlord."

Yes, Joe Cocker is everything a rock and roll star should be. He is a twenty-five year old Englishman who, like Ronnie Hawkins, was a common laborer before he became a singer. Although small in stature, he has a booming black voice that belies his size. Above all, he is a consumate artist with an emotional intensity that has not been seen in this country since Ray Charles. And, the way Ray is singing now, Cocker makes him sound white...

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Roszak uptight about dope and holy fools

(Continued from Page 35)

convictions would be preposterously petty. Their words are the conduit of a power that one longs to share. One reads their words only with humility and remorse for having lived on a lesser scale than they, for having at any point foregone the opportunity to achieve the dimensions of their vision...Compared with the visionary powers that moved in these souls, what is the value of all the minor exactitudes of all the experts on earth?

To conclude, Theodore Roszak knows where it's at and he's with it but only what actually happens in the life experience, the new lifeways of the Alternative society—a POSITIVE term that I prefer to the more NEGATIVE "counter-culture"—only the words and acts of the people who are personally committed to the apocalypse of the world revolution are the final authority on the subject.

But among his commentaries are memorable items of which the following are only a few of the best.

They (the dissenting young people) are the matrix in which an alternative, but still excessively fragile future is taking shape. Granted that alternative comes dressed in a garish motley, its costume borrowed from many and exotic sources—from depth psychiatry, from the mellowed remnants of left-wing ideology, from the oriental religions, from Romantic WELTSCHMERZ, from anarchist social theory, from Dada and American Indian lore, and, I suppose, the perennial wisdom. Still it looks to me like all we have to hold against the final consolidation of a technocratic totalitarianism in which we shall find ourselves ingeniously adapted to an existence wholly estranged from everything that has ever made the life of man an interesting adventure...

The technocracy is not simply a power structure wielding vast material influence; it is the expression of a grand cultural imperative, a veritable mystique that is deeply endorsed by the populace. It is therefore a capacious sponge able to soak up prodigious quantities of discontent and agitation, often well before they look like anything but amusing eccentricities or uncalled-for aberrations. The question therefore arises: "If the technocracy in its grand procession through history is indeed pursuing to the satisfaction of so many such universally ratified values as The Quest for Truth, The Conquest of Nature, The Abundant Society, The Creative Leisure, The Well-Adjusted Life, why not settle back and enjoy the trip?"

The primary project of our counter culture is to proclaim a new heaven and a new earth so vast, so marvelous that the inordinate claims of technical expertise must of necessity withdraw to a subordinate and marginal status in the lives of men.

On the other hand, Roszak's evaluations of Allen Ginsberg are superficial and betray his inability to appraise poetic values and the role of the Holy Fool in parapolitical action.

His treatment of Tim Leary is indistinguishable from the put-downs in the Establishment press and often more insulting, as where he accuses Leary of founding the religious community of the League for Spiritual Discovery simply as a lawyer's trick, a spurious defense against the government's narcotics charges!

On the subject of psychedelics he is untrustworthy so far as documentable facts are concerned. Psychedelic drugs he would have us believe are found only "at the bohemian fringe of our disaffected youth culture," whatever that means. His chapter on the hip underground is totally devoid of first hand sources and seems to be based entirely on newspaper accounts and magazine "inside stories," "exposes" and that sort of thing. Why he failed to go directly to the hippies themselves for his information baffles me. He is close enough to the scene, a graduate of UCLA (and Princeton) and a member of the history department of California State College at Hayward. There are no walls around the hippie enclaves. He didn't have to participate if he didn't want to, all he had to do was rap with the young people, and everyone knows that they have always been hospitable to writers, even to academic writers. Yet in his whole book there are barely a dozen quotes from the hippies themselves, and even these are quotations from the underground press or from other people's books. To me it is like the peace of God, a mystery that passeth understanding.

Nevertheless, Theodore Roszak's THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE is a book of the greatest importance. And a brilliant piece of wordcraft. Don't miss it.

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Los Angeles Free Press
JERRY APPLEBAUM

"Man and Wife" (a visual sex manual on how to fuck) is currently playing at the Left Bank Theatre. The movie is devoted to an impressive variety of ways in which a "husband" can make it with his "wife". The owners of the film claim that it is an "educational documentary" for married couples. The L.A.P.D. knows what it is. They claim it is pornography. They raided the theatre and confiscated one of the prints. The owners of the film are in Superior Court asking for an injunction which would prevent the police from taking any more prints. They are also asking that the first print be returned.

As to the question of whether the film is education or pornography, this writer feels that it is both. . . . Altogether there are some fifty different positions shown.

Unquestionably, the movie has educational value — if for no other reason that it does present such a large variety. And unhappily, most people are not aware that there is more than one way of having intercourse.

"MAN AND WIFE smacks of stag film pornography, not education..."
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A 'how-to' guide to abortion

DEBORAH CABBELL

THE ABORTION HANDBOOK
Patricia Maginnis and Lana Clark Phelan,
Contact Books, $2.95.

The authors of The Abortion Handbook put down some very heavy facts:

If all fifty states adopted reformed abortion laws, only 15 percent of the women requiring abortions annually could obtain them legally.

The 1967 Report of the President's Commission on Crime reports that criminal abortion is the third largest racket in the U.S. Attempts to enforce abortion laws cost taxpayers $120,000,000 annually for law enforcement officers and court procedures.

Criminal abortion is the number one cause of maternal deaths in the U.S. today.

Legalization of abortion, the authors contend, is the only answer. Both are active in the Association to Repeal Abortion Laws (ARAL). Their book attempts to fill the information void in which the pregnant woman seeking an abortion finds herself.

The authors begin by pointing out that "abortion is." The "morality" of the issue, therefore, is a "luxury our world can not afford..." The first thirty-three pages of the book are then devoted to the history of abortion laws and religious attitudes towards abortion. Although interesting, this information is of little practical value to the pregnant woman.

If you are pregnant, scared, and in need of help, the Abortion Handbook does provide information on self-abortion, obtaining a legal abortion, and obtaining an illegal abortion. But it is doubtful that many women could carry through the schemes and scenes necessary to obtain a hospital abortion.

Along with how-to-get-an-abortion-through-deceit under a very corrupt system, women, pregnant or not, need advice on organizing to effect legal changes. The authors' condemnations of the present system are both valid and necessary. But women sympathetic to the authors' views need to know how and where to channel their dissatisfactions. A chapter on organizations that exist for repeal and reform of abortion laws, where they exist, and what they are doing, would have provided a channel. One chapter, in passing, mentions the dubious Constitutionality of abortion laws. Individuals might wonder how they themselves can challenge these laws.

The style of the book can best be described as comfortable. It occasionally slips into cuteness, particularly in its more vehement anti-male attacks. Male dominance over females is undeniably at the basis for abortion laws. But the whole abortion hypocrisy cannot be narrowed down to male vs. female. It's like if you had to depend upon women to say whether a woman should be President or not. Let's face it, they'd rather have a man. Miss America is simply not going to advocate repealing abortion laws.

The kind of male thinking that must be challenged and overcome was expressed by an unnamed California State Rep. who was quoted in the book as saying: "Women do not want abortion made legal...they prefer to get their operations clandestinely:...If these women were to have their way and bear only wanted children, how on earth would we ever raise an army?"

The authors point out that over 5,000 women die every year from criminal abortion. The conclusion seems to be that as long as abortion remains illegal, it will be a dangerous, expensive, and often degrading undertaking.

The Abortion Handbook is heading in the right direction; it simply doesn't go far enough.

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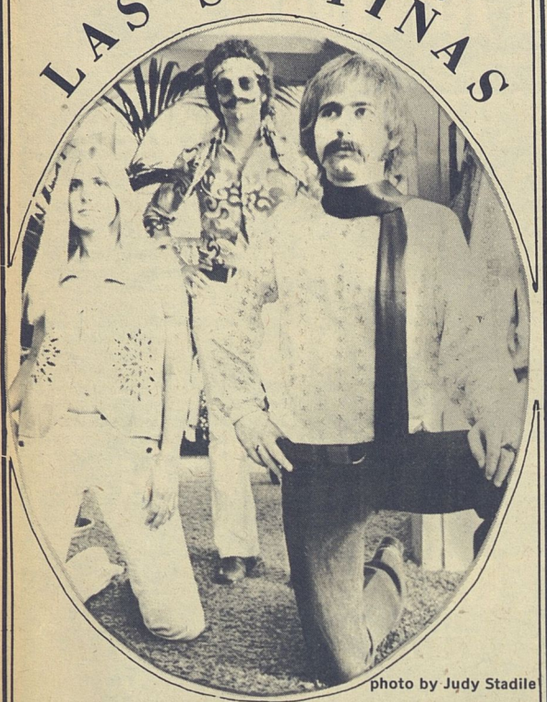

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I've played . . . bullshit

(Continued from Page 45)

has some likeness to what I think is folk or jazz."

One of the hallmarks of the jazz scene, improvisation (now popularly referred to as jamming), is something which Anderson has never really gotten into. And he doesn't want to.

"I'm all for things staying in their native packages. I mean, you don't form a group to jam with other people. I don't want to jam with anybody; it's a waste of time.

"See, the common ground you have in a jam is usually a blues . . . a 12-bar sequence. You just play on one chord. I mean, what can you say with those kind of limitations which haven't been said a thousand times before. I don't want to repeat the overworn blues cliches; the B.B. King sequences or what Eric Clapton does. They've already done them, far better than I could do them or anybody else can do them now.

"Things are changing a bit now. It's getting more cerebral; more thought about. Now the song is the important factor, not the bullshit solos in it. If you're gonna play solos, for God Sake make them relate to the song and not for an excuse for saying 'I'm a virtuoso.' And who is a virtuoso? Not really anybody that's around now. All these guys who play their guitars and freak out for 10 minutes aren't that good. It's bullshit. They know all the cliches and all the tricks; and some of them are really good tricks but they're still tricks. And it doesn't demand the same thing as sitting down and . . . what the Beatles do, for example. They're musicians. They don't have to prove it by playing their instruments better than anybody else. It doesn't matter if they use other people to play their instruments for them. The songs are theirs and the songs are the important thing.

"It's really passed the stage now . . . it probably passed a year ago, when you could go on stage and say, 'Yes, man, I'm doing my thing.' I don't want to hear people doing their thing because 99.9% of them haven't got a thing worth doing. And that's the truth. It applies to musicians today particularly. You've got to think. And what you do has got to be the right thing at the right time with the right result. If not, don't do it. Don't mess up other people's minds. Don't mess up their musical integrity, because that's like giving them false ideals. Those bullshit solos and all that kind of thing.

"I've played some bullshit things . . . on our second album, as well. But I'll be sure not to do it on the third album. Like I played certain things because I knew I could play them, not because I really thought about it enough. Like I've played something at a particular moment because it was suddenly the easiest thing to play. I resorted to one of my cliches. I mean, Eric Clapton is probably one of the best guitarists in the world, in terms of the pop thing, because he's the one guy who can play continuously; who can flow in a three-piece band like the Cream. He can flow for five minutes. And if he does repeat himself, every time a phrase comes up again, it's always in a different context . . . never the same as it was before. And when he coasts . . . when he drops out of something which is pretty intense and he comes to rely on cliches, they're the best cliches there are. It's valid musically . . . they're really good. But with some people, they're whole solos are built up on little bits, which one after the other, they just reel-off. It's like the difference between being one of the Monkees and being Charlie Parker, including Eric Clapton."

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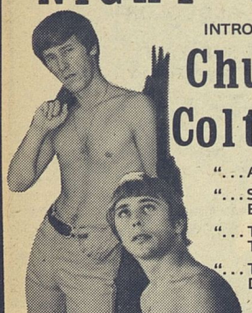

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